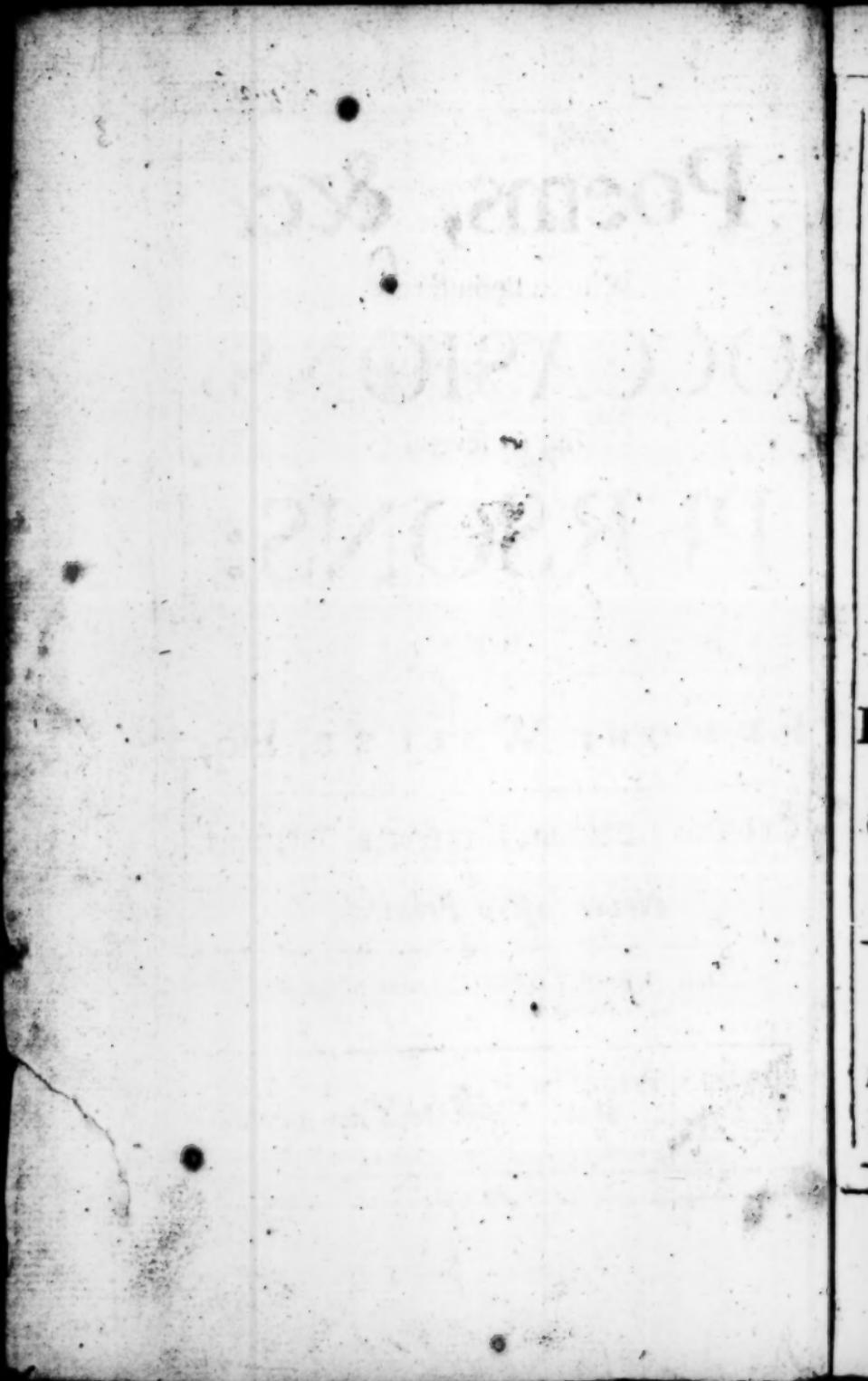


end of 4 life.



Engr. for November, 1728

Poems, &c.

Written upon several
OCCASIONS,
And to several
PERSONS:

BY

EDMOND WALLER, Esq;

The Sixty Edition; with several Additions,

Never before Printed.

*Nen ego rhordaci distinxii carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato littera Misera joco est.*

LONDON, Printed for *H. Herringman*, and sold by
Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head near the Inne-
Temple-Gate, in Fleet-street, 1694.

Poems by George Eliot

Edited by
John Morley

Illustrated by
John Everett Millais

London: Macmillan & Co., 1880.

Illustrations by
John Everett Millais

With a Foreword by
John Morley

The Printer TO THE R E A D E R.



When the Author of these Verses
(Written only to please himself,
and such particular persons to
whom they were directed) returned
from abroad some years since,
He was troubled to find his name
in Print, but somewhat satisfied
to see his Lines so ill rendred that he might justly
disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer as one
did to an ill Reciter, ————— Male dum recitas,
incipit esse tuunt. Having been ever since pressed to
correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in
Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer
was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favour
and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the
severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by
those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung
upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags (or such like
ugly things) upon their fairest Horses and other goodly
Creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for
those

THE PRINTER

those of a more Confus'd understanding, who pretend not to Censure, as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (main'd to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a Title to some Admirations, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, That the aim of Orators, is Victory; of Historians, Truth; and of Poets, Admirations; He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were attended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones, and clipt and wash't Money go about when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up. These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; To which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made publick, so might it find excuse from his Tongue (the season it was produc'd in) And for what had been done since and now added; if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so chearfully to bear so great a Calamity; as the loss of the best part of his fortune (torn from him in Prison, in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not un-like that Roman,

Quem demisere Philippi
Decisis humilem pennis inopemque Paterni,
Ex Laris, & fundi —

Whose

to the R E A D E R,

*Whose spreading wings the Civil war had clipt,
And him of his old Patrimony stript,*

Who yet not long after could say,

*Musis amicus Tristitiam & Metus
Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum
Portare ventis. —*

*They that acquaint'd with the Muses be,
Send care and sorrow by the Winds to Sea.*

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleas'd with our Rhimes) as wearied with our importunity, He has at last given us leave, To assure the Reader, That the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them; as also to add some others which have since been compos'd by him. And though his Advice to the contrary might have discourag'd us, yet observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late, making good that of Horace, — *Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit;* Some Verses being (like some Wines) recommended to our Taste by time and age, we have adventur'd upon this new and well corrected Edition, which for our own sakes, as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than be apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, Cetera mortis erunt.

Postscript.

Postscript.

NOT having the same Argument as at first to perswade the Author that I might print his *Verses* more Correctly, which he found so ill done at his Return; I have now adventured, without giving him farther Trouble by importuning him for a new Permission, to Collect all that I can find, either left out of the former Edition, or such as have been since made by him; to which I am the more encouraged, because the first (tho' most of them were compos'd Fifty or Sixty years since (seem still New, which would be more strange in so changing a Language, had it not been by him improved, which may make one think it true that I have heard from some learn'd Criticks, that *Virgil* when he said —— *Nova carmina pango*. Meant not *Verses* that were never seen before (for in that fence all at first are new) but such as he thought might be ever New. May these still appear to be so for the diversion of the Readers, and interest of

Their Humble Servants,



TO THE K I N G

On His NAVY.

Where e're thy Navy spreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings,
The French and Spaniard, when thy Flags appear,
Forget their Hatred, and consent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the fray,
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped,
The mighty still upon the smaller fed.
Thou on the deep imposest Nobler Laws,
And by that Justice hast remov'd the Cause

B

Of

Of those rude Tempests, which for Rapine sent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean, as thy *Thames*, be free
From both those fates, of Storms, and Piracy:
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged Troops, or Pegasean Horse:
Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another Nation, as to touch our soil.

Should Natures Self invade the World again,
And o're the Center spread the liquid Main;
Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command.
Thy dreadful Fleet would style Thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o're the drowned Ball.
Those Towers of Oak o're fertile plains might go,
And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

The Worlds Restorer never could endure,
That finish'd *Babel* should those men secure,

32

Whose

Whose Pride design'd. that Fabrick to have stood
Above the reach of any second Flood:
To Thee his Chosen more indulgent he
Dares trust such Power with so much Piety.

*of the danger His Majesty (being Prince)
escaped in the Road at Saint Andrews.*

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach't the sphere of his own power, the
With British bounty in his Ship he Feasts,
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watry Wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of Cannons echo'd from th' affrighted shoar,
With loud resemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the seed of Cloud-compelling Jove.

While to his Harp Divine *Arion* sings
The Loves and Conquests of our *Albion* Kings
Of the fourth *Edward* was his Noble song;
Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young:
He rent the Crown from vanquisht *Henry*'s head;
Rais'd the white Rose, and trampled on the Red;
Till Love triumphing o're the Victor's pride,
Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd side,
Neglected *Warwick* (whose bold hand like fate,
Gives and resumes the Scepter of our State)
Wooes for his Master, and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady *Bona*; whom just anger burns;
And Foreign War with Civil Rage returns.
Ah spare your Sword, where Beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' Affront, & must repair the same:
When *France* shall boast of her, whose conquering
Have made the best of *English* hearts their prize;
Have

Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the Counsels of our State.
What the Prophetick Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret Wound, is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay
About the Keel delighted Dolphins play;
Too sure a sign of Seas ensuing rage,
Which must anon this Royal Troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge:
With painted Oars the Youths begin to sweep
Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden War
Between the Wind and Tide, that fiercely jar,
As when a sort of lusty Shepherds try
Their force at Foot-ball, care of Victory.

Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their Encounter seem too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless Ball
Toss too and fro is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Wind^{s:}
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britains still securely row'd;
Charles and his Virtue was their sacred load;
Than with a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
That the good Boat this Tempest should out-live.
But storms encrease, and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's Face
The rest resign their courage, skill and sight
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.

The gentle Vessel, wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of Silver *Thames* to ride,
Wanders Astonish'd in the angry main;
As *Titans* Car did, while the golden rain

Fill'd

Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous Son,
When the whole World an equal hazard run
To this of ours; the light of whose desire.
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.
The impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That night (assilting) his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed Vessel doth the charge abide;
Only because assil'd on every side;
So Men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haft, impeach their mad desire.

The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with fear;
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the Pleasures of their Court before.
God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright:

Next to the power of making Tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

Great *Maro* could no greater Tempest feign ;
When the loud Winds usurping on the Main,
For angry *Juno*, labour'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded *Troy*.
His bold *Aeneas*, on like billows tost,
In a tall Ship, and all his Country lost,
Dissolves with fear ; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quel'd
In Honourable fight : Our *Hero* set
In a small shallop ; fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
Than ever *Priam*, when he flourish'd, wore ;
His Loyns yet full of ungot Princes, all
His Glory in the bud ; lets nothing fall
That argues Fear : If any thought annoys
The Gallant youth, 'tis Loves untasted joys,

And

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his Heart in *France*.
Where he had seen a brighter Nymph than she
That sprung out of his present foe, the Sea.
That noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
The Conquer'd Ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry *Thetis*, raise her wavys above
Th' Heroick Princes Courage, or his Love;
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The shrine should perish, where that Image dwelt.

Ah Love forbid! the Noblest of thy Train
Should not survive to let her know his pain;
Who nor his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court;
All highly born, obsequious to her sport;
They Roses seem, which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their Beauties hide;

She

She the glad morning, which her beams does throw,
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so ;
Like bright *Aurora*, whose resplendent Ray
Foretels the fervor of ensuing day ;
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
To leasie shadows, from the threatned heat.

From *Cupids* strings, of many shafts that fled, (shed,
Wing'd with those plumes which noble fame had
As through the wondring world she flew, and told
Of his Adventures haughty, brave and bold,
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid ;
But loves first summons seldom are obey'd :
Light was the Wound ; the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had so possest her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of *Jason*, *Thesēus*, and such Worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.

32.

And

And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old *Muse* so Divinely sung :
Which Art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns, and favours that desire,
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to
And in *Leanders* danger pities him: (swim
Whose not new love alone, but fortune seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.

For from the stern of some good Ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears :
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves, that Taper make;
On which the hope of all their Lives depends ;
As his on that fair *Hero*'s hand extends.

The ship an anchor like a fixed Rock (knock ;
Break the proud Billows, which her large sides
Whose rage restrained foaming higher swells,
And from her Port the weary Barge repels

Threatning

Threatning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.

Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the fates
Would not be mov'd for our Sister States:

For *England* is the third successful throw.
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whose Prince must be (as their own Books devise)
Lord of the Scene, where now his danger lies,
Well sung the *Roman* Bard; all humane thing^s

Of dearest value hang on slender strings.

O see the then sole hope, and in design
Of Heaven our joy, supported by a line;
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;
On which the fabrick of our World depends;
One Link dissolv'd, the whole Creation ends,

*Of His Majesties receiving the News of the
Duke of Buckingham's Death.*

SO earnest with thy God, can no new care,
No sense of danger interrupt thy Prayer?
The sacred Wrestler till a blessing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n:
Nor was the stream of thy Devotions stopp'd;
When from the Body such a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no less maim;
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold *Homer* durst not so great virtue feign
In his best pattern, of *Patroclus* slain;
With such amazement as weak Mothers use,
And frantick gesture, he receives the news:
Yet fell his Darling by the impartial chance
Of War, impos'd by Royal *Hector's* Launce;

Thin_e

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

The famous Painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a Prince's face?

Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a Veil upon supposed grief.

'Twas want of such a President as this,
Made the old Heathen frame their Gods amiss.

Their *Phœbus* should not act a fonder part
For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart;

Nor blame for *Hyacinthus* fate his own
That kept from him wished death; hadst thou been

He that with thine shall weigh good *David*'s deeds
Shall find his Passion, not his Love exceeds.

He curst the Mountains where his brave friend dy'd
But let false *Ziba* with his Heir divide:

Where thy immortal Love to thy best Friends,
Like that of Heaven, upon their Seed descends.

Such

Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind:
God-like, unmov'd; and yet like Woman kind.
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our Charles His Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How some bright dame comprest by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

*To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of Her
Majesties Picture.*

Well fare the hand, which to our humble sight
Presents that Beauty, which the dazzling
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes; (Light
And all access (save by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This beam of Glory; here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious Image seeming to give leave,

Pro-

Propitious stands, vouching to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted,
Mighty Queen,
In whom the extremes of Power and Beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love.
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no sight
Of equal Glory to your Beauties light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So happy 'tis you move in such a sphear;
As your high Majesty with awful fear,
In humane Breasts might qualify that Fire,
Which kindled by those Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the scorched World like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other Nymphs have Title to men's Hearts,
But as their Meanness larger hope imparts:

Your

Your Beauty more the sondest Lover moves
With Admiracion, than his private loves ;
With Admiracion ; for a pitch so high
(Save sacred Charles his) never Love durst fly.
Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom, more than your command :
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole Worlds Mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals ; and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd and tyanniz'd without a Guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by Arms or Birth,
Equals Love's Empire, both in Heaven and Earth.
Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own :
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian Dame ;
When, like a Lion, finding in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey ;

The Royal youth pursuing the report
Of Beauty, found it in the Gallique Court.
There publique care with private passion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought;
Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
And the free Faith of your great Brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their Graces shroud,
And mixing with those gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies and out-shine them all;
Or on his Journey o're the Mountains ride?
So when the fair *Leucothoe* he espy'd,
To check his steeds, impatient *Phabns* earn'd;
Though all the World was in his course concern'd
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?
Not so divine a flame, since deathless Gods
Forbore to visit the desir'd abodes.

Of

Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;

Nor shall, till Piety and they return.

~~beginning~~
~~beginning~~
~~beginning~~

*Upon His Majesties repairing of
Paul's.*

THAT shipwrack vessel which th' Apostle bore
Scarce suffer'd more upon *Melitas* shore,
Than did his Temple in the Sea of time ;
(Our Nations Glory, and our Nations crime)
When the first Monarch of this happy Isle.
Mov'd with the ruine of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious Son ;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes those Quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap :

C 2

For

For in his Art of Regiment is found
A power, like that of Harmony in sound, (Kings,
Those antique Minstrels sure were Charles-like
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects Hearts their Strings;
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our minds with his confpire to grace
The Gentiles great Apostle, and deface
Those State-obscuring sheds, that like a Chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the Viper from his sacred hand:
So joys the aged Oak, when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd fide.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have born her name:
Two distant Virtues in one act we find,
The Modesty and Greatness of his mind;

Which

Which nor content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half-swallow'd from the jaws of Time
Reduce; an earnest of his grand design
To frame no new Church, but the Old refines
Which Spouse-like may with comely grace come
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtful reason few can apprehend;
And War brings ruin where it should amend;
But Beauty with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome Sovereignty in rudest minds.
Not ought which Sheba's wondring Queen beheld
Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His Ships and building; emblems of a Heart
Large both in Magnanimity and Art.
While the propitious Heavens this work attend,
Long wanted showers they forget to send;

As if they meant to make it understood,
Of more importance than our vital food.

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend ;
The King built all, but *Charles the Western-end*
So proud a Fabrick to Devotion given,
At once it threatens and obliges Heaven.

Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise ; *Troy* wall'd so high,
Th' *Ariides* might as well have foro'd the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To see such power employed in peaceful things.
They list not urge it to the dreadful field ;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

— *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. Horat.

The Country to my Lady of Carlisle.

Madam,

OF all the sacred Muse inspired,
Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply;

Their rude Inhabitants his Song admired,

And Natures self in those that could not lie.

Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,

And warms us, shining through the thickest shades

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondring Court

Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to scorn

The answer and consent to that report,

Which Echo-like the Country do's return:

Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs

Present th' impartial Images of things.

A Rural Judge dispos'd of Beauties prize,

A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to *Jove*;

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was so justly given
To the bright *Carlisle* of the Court of Heaven.

Carlisle! a Name which all our Woods are taught,
Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;
Carlisle! a Name which on the Bark is wrought
Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
From *Phabus* rage, our shadows, and our Streams,
May guard us better than from *Carlisle's* Beams.

The Countess of Carlisle in Mourning.

(clear,
When from black Clouds no part of Sky is
But just so much as lets the Sun appear;
Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect
Those Sable Vestments, and that Bright Aspect.

A spark of Virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made ;
Nor less advantage doth thy Beauty get,
A Venus rising from a Sea of Jet.
Such was th' appearance of new for med Light,
While yet it struggled with Eternal night.
Then mourn no more ; lest thou admit encrease
Of Glory, by thy noble Lords Decease.
We find not that the Laughter-loving Dame
Mourn'd for *Anchises* ; 'twas enough she came
To grace the Mortal with her deathless Bed,
And that his living Eyes such Beauty fed :
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Mens Hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the Funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief : as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow ; nothing stands
But power to grieve, except from thy commands.

If

If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
Grief in thy presence, can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*.
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs
War he prevented, or soon made it cease,
Instructing Princes in the Arts of Peace:
Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrews Famous Court,
Had *Homer* sat amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learned at those stupendous Feasts,
With great Bounty, and more sacred State
The Banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But O! what Elocution might he use,
What potent Charms that could so soon infuse
His absent Masters love into the Heart
Of *Henricia*, forcing her to part

From

From her loved Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like Camilla ~~use~~ the waves to run up^{to} T
Into his arms; while the Barbarian Dames^{do} fled
Mourn for their ravish'd glory ~~that~~ as their flames.
No less amaz'd, than the emiz'd Stars,
When the bold Charmer of ~~the~~ Julian Wars,
With Heaven it self, and numbers does repeat
Which call descending Cynthias from her Seat.

*In answer to one who Writ against a
fair Lady.*

Vhat Fury has provok'd thy Wit to dare
With *Diomede*, to wound the Queen of
Thy Mistress's Envy, or thine own Despair?
Not the just *Pallas* in thy Breast did move
So blind a Rage, with such a different Fate;

He Honour won, where thou hast purchas't Hate.

She

She gave assistance to his Trojan Foes
 Thou that without a Rival thou mayest love,
 Dost to the beauty of this Lady own an equal
 While after her the Gazing world does move.

Canst thou not be content to Love alone,
 Or is thy Mistress not content with one?
 Hast thou not read of fairy Arthur's friend,
 Which but disclos'd, amazed the weaker eyes?
 Of proudest Foes, and won the doubtful Field?
 So shall thy Rebel wit become her prize.

Should thy Lambicks swell into a Book,
 All were confuted with one Radiant look,
 Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,
 Rewarding Phabus, for inspiring so
 His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes
 His joyful Beams: But Phabus is thy Foe,
 And neither aids thy Fancy nor thy Sight;
 So ill thou Rhim'st against so fair a Light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys Picture.

SMUCH was *Philocles*, such *Mesidorus* Flame;
The matchless *Sidney* that immortal Frame
Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac't,
Not his high Fancy could one pattern grac't
With such extremes of Excellence compose,
Wonders so distant in one Face disclose:
Such cheerful Modesty, such humble State,
Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate
As when beyond our Greedy reach we see,
Inviting Fruit on too sublime a Tree.
All the rich Flow'r's through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we see, in this one Garland bound.
Had but this Copy, which the Artist took
From the fair Picture of that noble Book,

Stood

Stood at Calanders; the brave friends had jarr'd
And Rivals made, th' ensuing Story marr'd.

Just nature first instructed by his thought,
In his own House thus practis'd what he taught.
This glorious piece transeends what he could think,
So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

To Vandike.

R Are Artisan! whose pensil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves;
From thy Shop of Beauty we,
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so:
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her name that has his Heart.

Another

Another who did long refrain,
Feels his Old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that Face,
Where now he reads new hopes of Grace.
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find;
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the Ashes of Despair
From the reviving Brand of care;
Fool that forgets her stubborn look,
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange that thy Hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a Face.
May'st thou yet thy self as well,
As all the world besides, excel;
So you th' unfeigned Truth rehearse;
That I may make it Live in Verse

Why

Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That Face to after-times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll Forgive thee this;
For who would not repeat that bliss,
And frequent sight of such a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his Fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still,
When Natures self so often errs:
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the Race of Women Fair;
Yet never could a perfect Birth
Produce before to grace the Earth,
Which waxed old, e're it could see
Her that amaz'd thy Art and Thee.

But

But now 'tis done, O let me know
 Where those immortal Colours grow,
 That could this deathless piece compose
 In Lillies, or the Fading Rose?
 No, for this Theft thou hast climb'd higher
 Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can sleep when she pleases.

NO wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies
 To bath himself in *Sacharissa*'s eyes ;
 As fair *Astrea* once from Earth to Heaven
 By Strife and loud Impiety was driven :
 So with our Plaints offended and our Tears,
 Wise *Somnus* to that Paradice repairs,
 Waits on her will and wretches do's forsake
 To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches wake

D

More

More proud then *Phabus* of his Throne of Gold
Is the soft God, those softer Limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies.
In darkning Clouds, the power to close her eyes:
Eyes which so far all other Lights controul,
They warm our Mortal parts, but these our Soul.
Let her free Spirit, whose unconquer'd Breast
Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
Know, that though *Venus* and her Son should spare
Her Rebel Heart, and never teach her Care;
Yet *Hymen* may inforce her vigils keep,
And for anothers Joy suspend her Sleep.

Of the mis-report of her being Painted.

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the night
With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia*'s light;

The

The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes;
But never reach the Mistress of the Skies:
So with the news of *Sacharissa's* wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues;
Call Love to witness, that no painted Fire
Can scorch Men so, or kindle such desire:
While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more
With this new Malice, than our Loves before;
But from the height of her great Mind looks down
On both our passions, without Smile or Frown:
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright Dame, whom Heaven affected so;
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand w^{ch} spreads
Like Glorious Colours thro' the Flowry Meads;
When lavish Nature with her best Attire
Cloaths the gay Spring, the season of desire;
Paints her 'tis true; and does her cheek adorn
With the same Art wherewith she paints the Morn.

With the same Art, wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted Clouds which form *Thamurias* bow.

Of her passing through a crowd of People.

AS in old Chaos Heaven with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks, together crush'd and
The Sun his light no further could extend (bruis'd:
Than the next hill which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this strong bright *Sacharissa* farld,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her Guard:
As Ships though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a Tempest on their Admiral.
A greater Favour this disorder brought
Unto her Servants, than their awful thoughts did
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast.
While love insults, disguised in the Cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly Crowd.

So

So the amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
But when the Wind her ravish't Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs ;
Though loath he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loath he is that friendly storm should cease,
From whose rude Bounty, he the double use
At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied,

THIRS a Youth of the inspired Train,
Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain ;
Like *Phœbus* sung the no less amorous Boy ;
Like *Daphne* she as lovely and as Coy ;
With numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,
With numbers such as *Phœbus* self might use.
Such is the chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy Mountains, and through floury Meads ;

Invok'd to testifie the Lover's care,
 Or form some Image of his cruel fair :
 Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,
 O'er these he fled, and now approaching near,
 Had reach't the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay ;
 Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
 All but the Nymph, that should redress his wrong
 Attend his passion, and approve his Song.
 Like *Phœbus* thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catcht at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

Fabula Phœbi & Daphnes.

Areadiae juvenis Thirfis, Phœbique Sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sathanisse ardebat amore :
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat,
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa :

Carmi-

*Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Pascua; formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelē insana mente solebat;
 Audīt illa procul miserum, eitheramque sonantem,
 Audīt, at nullis respexit mota querelis;
 Ne tamen omnino caneret, desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi, referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic non quasitis cūmulatus laudibus olim
 Elapsa reperet Daphni sua laurea Phœbus.*

Of Mrs. Arden.

BBehold, and listen, while the fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
 And with her own breath fans the Fire
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
 What reason can that Love controul,
 Which more than one way courts the Soul?

So when a Flash of Lightning falls
 On our Abodes, the danger calls
 For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame
 To Conquer, though from Heaven it came:
 But if the Winds with that conspire;
 Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

To Amoret.

Fair, that you may truly know
 What you unto *Therfis* owe;
 I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa Love, and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
 My blest Eyes on *Amoret*:
 But with wonder I am strook,
 When I on the other look.

If

If sweet *Amoret* complains,
I have sense of all her pains ;
But for *Sacharissa* I
Do not only Grieve, but Die.

All that of my self is mine,
Lovely *Amoret*, is thine;
Sacharissa's Captive fain
Would untie his Iron chain ;

And those scorching Beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free Election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn :
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controuls our Wills in Love,

If not Love, a strong desire
To create and spread that Fire
In my Breast, solicites me
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

*Tis Amazement, more than Love,
Which her radiant eyes do move;
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,

I would turn my dazled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That High Flame, as to enjoy:
Which, how easily I may do
Heaven (as easily scal'd) does know.
Amoret, as sweet and good
As the most delicious Food,

Which

Which but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the Heart :
Sacharissa's beautie's Wine,
Which to madness doth incline,
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is Mortal, can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The Devotion, which I use
Unto that adored Dame ;
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send :
So that if it could take end ;
'Twould to Heaven it self be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry ;
Which, though not so fierce a Flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd than Love.

On the Head of a Stag.

SO we some antique Hero's strength
Learn by his Launces weight and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest:
Such Game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did pursue.
What Huntsman of our feeble Race,
Or Dogs, dare such a Monster chase?
Resembling with each blow he strikes
The charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
O fertile Head, which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;

Which

Which might it never have been cast,
Each years growth added to the last,
These lofty Branches had supply'd
The Earths bold Son's prodigious Pride;
Heaven with these Engines had been scal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in the Garden.

Sees not my Love, how time resumes
The Glory which he lent these Flow'rs?
Though none should tast of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours;
Time, what we forbear, devours.

Had Hellen or the Egyptian Queen,
Been near so thrifty of their Graces;
Those Beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should

Should some malignant Planet bring
 A barren drought, or ceaseless Show'r,
 Upon the Autumn, or the Spring,
 And spare us neither Fruit nor Flow'r,
 Winter would not stay an hour.
 Could the resolve of Love's neglect
 Preserve you from the violation
 Of coming years, then more respect
 Were due to so Divine a fashion;
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

The Miser's Speech in a Masque.

Balls of this Metal slack'd Atlanta's pace,
 And on the Amorous Youth bestow'd the Race;
Venus, the Nymphs mind measuring by her own,
 Whom the rich spoils of Cities overthrown
 Had prostrated to *Mars*, could well advise
 Th' adventurous Lover how to gain the prize.

Not

bloud2

Nor less may *Jupiter* to Gold ascribe ;
For when he turn'd himself into a Bribe,
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they withstood not that Almighty shew'r?
Never till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
A form more bright, and Nobler than his own :
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
That slack Devotion should his Thunder scape.
'Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo's* wrong,
Those Asses ears on *Mida's* Temples hung :
But fond Repentance of his happy wish,
Because his Meat grew Metal like his Dish.
Would *Bacchus* bless me so ; I'de constant hold
Unto my wish, and dye Creating Gold.

On the Friendship betwixt two Ladies.

Tell me Lovely loving Pair,
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to your selves so dear?

By this cuaning change of heart,
You the power of Love control;
While the Boys deluded Darts,
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either Breast
Still beguiled Love does come;
Where he finds a forreign Guest,
Neither of your Hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay;

That

That they may the Law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver Doves that flic,
Yoakt in *Citharea's Car* ;
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her Son so far,

Are so Lovely, Sweet, and Fair,
Or do more ennable Love,
Are so choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

Of her Chamber.

They taste of death that do at Heaven arrive;
But we this Paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike:

E

The

The high in Titles, and the Shepheard here,
Forgets his Greatness, and forgers his Fear :
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Lose thought of what themselves, or others are ;
Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save *Carlisle's* Favour to implore their Hope.
The *Thracian* could (tho' all those Tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater Wonders do ;
Before his Feet, so Sheep and Lions lay
Fearless and Wrathless, while they heard him play.
The Gay, the Wise, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one Passion have :
No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his.
Whilst she with cheerful, but impartial Grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the Race
Of Men) like *Phœbus*, so divides her light,
And warms us, that, she stoops not from her height.

Of

Of Loving at first Sight.

NOT caring to observe the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch'd from my self, how far behind,
Already I behold the shoar !

May not a Thousand Dangers sleep
In the smooth bosome of this deep ?
No : 'Tis so Rockless and so Clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things, not torn
From shipwrack'd Vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace,
Which Time and Use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her Face.

E *

Some

Some other Nymphs with Colours faint,
And pensil flow may *Cupid* paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy,
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest Breast, the rudest tame.

The Self Banished.

IT is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who

Who in the Spring from the New Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which *Phæbus* through his veins has shot;

Too late he would the pain asswage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banisht servant trouble you:
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too.

S O N G.

Go lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,

E 3

That

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That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That had'st thou sprung
In Desarts, where no Men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dyed.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retir'd ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee ;

How

How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Thirfis, Galatea.

Th. **A**S lately I on Silver *Thames* did ride,
Sad *Galatea* on the Bank I spy'd :
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine ;
And thus she grac'd me with a Voice Divine.

Gal. You that can tune your sounding Strings so
Of Ladies Beauties, and of Love to tell ;
(well
Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Th. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no
Nor ought to be concerned in your care : (share,
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew,
And to my Aid invoke no Muse but you.

Gd. Hear then, and let your Song augment our
Which is so great, as not to wish relief: (grief,
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance,
To all the joys this Island could afford,
The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord:
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble blood,
And in high Grace with *Gloriana* stood;
Her Bounty, Sweetness, Beauty, Goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her.
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife,
So well she acted in this span of life,
That though few years (too few alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in Beauty, old,
As unripe Fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the Tree, which grieves no less to leave

The

The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until Autumn, on the Bough should grow :
So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forc't,
Or from so fair, so sweet a seat divorc't.
Her fate at once did hasty seem and flow,
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn :
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize
Is soon removed from our wondring eyes.
But since the Sisters did so soon untwinc
So fair a Thread, I'le strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe sad Nymph to let me know the Dame
And to the Muses I'lc commend her name,
Make the wide Country echo to your moan,
The listning Trees and savage Mountains groan :
What rocks not mov'd when the death is fung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

"Twas

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton*, whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Islands.

Cant. I.

*What Fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles
Upon those late discovered isles.*

Aid me *Bellona*, while the dreadful Fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas stain'd with goar, I sing, advent'rous toyl,
And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.

Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know,
That happy Island, where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian Garden boasts of none so fair?
Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound,
On the Rich Shore, of Amber-greece is found:

The

The lofty Cedar, which to Heaven aspires,
The Prince of Trees, is jewel for their Fires :
The smoak by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might, on Sacred Altars burn :
Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born,
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn,
The sweet *Palmettas* a new *Bacchus* yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield :
Under the shadow of whose friendly Boughs
They sit carousing, where their Liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* show,
With the rare Fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage the Mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons every year,
Their barren tops with luscious Food abounding,
And with the eggs of various Fowls are crown'd ;

Tobacco

Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English Land-lords as their Tribute pay :
Such is the Mould, that the Blest Tenant feeds
On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds :
With candid Plantines, and the juicy Pine, }
On choiceft Melons and sweet Grapes they dine }
And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine. }
Nature these Cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our courser Land
Tastes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn :
For the kind Spring which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year :
Ripe Fruits and blossoms on the same Trees live ;
At once they promise, what at once they give :
So sweet the Air, so moderate the Clime ;
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,

To

To shew how all things were Created first:
The tardy Plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
Reserve their Fruit for the next ages taste:
There a small grain in some few Months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree:
The *Palma Christi*, and the fair *Papah*,
Now but a seed (preventing Natures law)
In half the Circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruit do wear:
And as their Trees in our dull Region set
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So in this *Northern Tract* our hoarser Throats
Utter unripe and ill constrained Notes:
Where the Supporter of the Poets Style,
Phæbus, on them eternally does smile.
O, how I long! my careless Limbs to lay
Under the Plantanes shade, and all the day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,

Invoke

Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of passions, Love:
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high,
 With the sweet sound of *Sacharissa's* name,
 I'll make the listning Savages grow tame.
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto I I.

*Of their alarm, and how their Foes
 Discovered were, this Canto shows.*

Though Rocks so high about this Island rise,
 That well they may th' num'rous Turk despise
 Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear,
 Which shakes their hearts, while thro' the Isle they

A

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may
At length Two Monsters of unequal size, ^{(grow:}
Hard by the shoar a Fisher-man espies ;
Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky Coast ;
One as a Mountain vast, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dame :
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls, and rag'd :
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murdered on the shore,
By the wild fury of some Tempest cast
The fate of ships and shipwrackt men to taste,
As careles Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay :

So

So there sometimes the raging Ocean fails,
And her own Brood exposes; when the Whales
Against sharp Rocks like reeling Vessels quash'd,
Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces dash'd;
Along the shore their dreadful Limbs lie scatter'd,
Like Hills with Earthquakes shaken, torn & shatter'd.
Hearts sure of Brass they had, who tempted first,
Rude Seas that spare not what themselves have nurst.

The welcom News through all the Nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publick terror, they
Behold with glad Eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of the untaken spoil,
And as the purchase of their future toil,
These share the Bones, and they divide the Oyl,
So was the Huntsman by the Bear opprest,
Whose Hide he sold before he caught the Beast.

They

They man their Boats, and all their young men
With whatsoever may the Monsters harm; (arm)
Pikes, Halberts, Spits, and Darts that wound so far,
The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War:
Now was the time for vig'rous Lads to shew
What love or honor could invite them too;
A goodly Theatre where Rocks are found
With reverend age, and lovely Lasses crown'd:
Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* share:
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British Peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due;
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And thro' the new world spread his growing fame;
But how they fought, & what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto III.

*The bloody fight, successless toyl,
And how the Fishes sack'd the Isle.*

THe Boat which on the first assault did go,
Struck with a harping Iron the younger foe;
Who when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
Loud as the Sea that nourish't him he roar'd.
As a broad Bream to please some curious taſt,
While yet alive in boyling water taſt,
Vex't with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out:
So with the barbed Javeling stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tayl the ſuffering waves:
Like Spencer's *Talus* with his Iron flayl;
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tayl;

Difſolving

Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd Boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the Moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fare like men unhorst.

The bigger Whale like some huge Carrack lay
Which wanteth Sea-room, with her foes to play,
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wo'd
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud;
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tails impetuous swinge;
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.

This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes;
With desperate courage he receivés her wounds,
And men and boats his active tayl compounds.
Their forces joyned, the Seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this Cub away:
Their wish they have; he to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they hither came,
Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake,
A pris'ner there, but for his mothers sake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Lances spent; and bolder than the rest
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beasts.
Her oily fide devours both blade and heft,
And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the Lake:
Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded fide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,

And

And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood do's spouting throw
To Heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of Pikes appears,
You would have thought, had you the monster
Thus dreft, ^(seen) she had another Island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
(As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the field is won)
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He (though a league removed from the so)
Hastes to her aid; the pious Trojan so
Neglecting for *Creusa's* life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning Town.
The men amazed blush to see the seed
Of monsters, human piety exceed :

Well proves this kindness what the Grecians sung,
That Loves bright mother from the ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
So she their weapons would restore again,
Thro' Rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with Monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so ;
They charge their Musquets, and with hot desire
Of full revenge, renew the fight with fire :
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed Whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound,
Now to their Fort they are about to send
For the loud Engines which their Isle defend.

Bur

But what those pieces fram'd to batter walls
Would have effected on those mighty Whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tyde so high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babling Muse,
I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse
To read the passion which they write;
She strikes my Lute, but if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground;
And I no less her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce Lion does embrace
His breathless corps, and licks his face;

Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of Love.

Anger in hasty words or blows,
It self discharges on our foes,
And sorrow too finds some relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordred, tremble, fawn and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect.

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous Steed opprest,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life and force
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them opprest
With Tyrants force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoyl and kill;
Each Nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no less Rigor here.

Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty Lasses bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Prefer'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear.

All to one Female Idol bend,
 Whil'st her high pride does scarce descend
 To mark their follies, he would swear
 That these her guard of Eunuchs were;
 And that a more Majestique Queen,
 Or humbler slaves he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
 In vain I struggled with the yoke
 Of mighty love; that conquering look,
 When next beheld, like lightning strook
 My blasted soul, and made me bow
 Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink
 Of some smooth stream about to drink,
 Surveying there, his armed head,
 With shame remembers that he fled
 The scorned dogs, resolves to try
 The combat next; but if their cry

Invades

Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear, out flies the wind.

To Phillis.

Phillis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span;
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heaven does climb;
Gods that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phillis

Phillis, to this truth we owe,
 All the love betwixt us two:
 Let not you and I require,
 What has been our past desire;
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
 Leave it to the Planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do;
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love.

To Phillis.

Phillis, 'twas love that injur'd you,
 And on that Rock your *Thirstis* threw,
 Who for proud *Celia* could have dy'd,
 Whilst you no less accus'd his pride.
 Fond Love his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows:

From

From foes discharge'd as often meet
The shining points of Arrows fleet,
In the wide Air creating fire,
As souls that joyn in one desire.

Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish Beasts.
Prefer'd to sleeping on her Breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Carliles* conquering eyes,
Which she regards no more than they,
The tears of lesser beauties weigh:
So have I seen the lost Clouds pour,
Into the Sea a useless shower,
And the vext Sailors curse the rain,
For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then *Phillis*, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care

But

But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
 To look upon this *Parthian* flight,
 Of Love, still flying or in chase,
 Never encount'ring face to face;
 No more to love we'll sacrifice,
 But to the best of Deities:
 And let our hearts which love disjoyn'd,
 By his kind Mother be combin'd.

SONG.

While I listen to thy voice,
 (Chloris) I feel my life decay,
 That powerful noise
 Calls my flitting soul away.
 Oh! suppress that Magick sound,
 Which destroys without a wound.

Peace

Peace *Chloris*, peace, or singing die;
That together you and I,
To Heaven may go:
For all we know,
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

S O N G.

S *Tay Phæbus*, stay,
The world to which you fly so fast,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haft,
With no such object, nor salute your rise
With no such wonder, as *de Mornay's* eyes:

Well do's this prove,
The error of those antique books,
Which made you move,
About the world; her charming looks
Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

To Amoret.

Amoret, the milky way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars,
The smooth stream where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers;

Amoret, my lovely foe,
Tell me where thy strength does lie;
Where the power that charms us so,
In thy Soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done;
Yet thy waste is straight and clean;

IAS

As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,
And powerful too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

BRave *Holland* leads, & with him *Falkland* goes:
Who hears this told, and does not straight
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,^{(suppose}
To Civilize, and to instruct the *North*?
Not that these Ornaments make swords less sharp,
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And thought he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace the Sacred Virgins sing,
He courage had to guard th' invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and cast th' ambitious Giants down.
Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twist
Bays with that Ivy, which so early kist

G

Thy

Thy youthful Temples, with what horror we
Think on the blind events of War and thee?
To Fate exposing that all-knowing breast,
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Cops be burn'd)
Confounded lie to the same Ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This Tempest yet, which frights our Island so;
Guarded with Ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late Dream the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair *Hebrem* stand,
When first she felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood,

To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our Arms.

A Lion so with self-provoking smart,
His rebel tail scourging his Nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before

For Drinking of Healths.

Let Bruits and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink :
A more indulgent Mistress guides our sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites ;
She would our Care as well as Thirst redress,
And with Divinity rewards excess :
Deserted *Ariadne* thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd *Thesens* cruelty deride ;

*Bacchus imbrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.*
*Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by others timely heat supply'd:*
All that the Grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.
Wine fills the Veins, and healths are understood,
To give our friends a Title to our Blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

On my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute.

Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch,
So unconcern'd her self, and we so much?
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:

Small

Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
Touch't by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Loves takes stand, and while she charms the
Empties his quiver on the list'ning Deer; (ear,
Musick so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an Arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her self the triumph of her eyes.
So Nero once, with Harp in hand survey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he play'd.

*To a Lady singing a Song of his
Composing.*

CHoris your self you so excel
When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,
That like a spirit with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,
 Which on the shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a feather of his own *Ases of*
 Wherewith he wou't to soar so high; *Antiphon*

Had echo with so sweet a grace,
 Narcissus's loud complaints return'd,
 Not for reflection of his face,
 But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wife,
 But Nature did this Match contrive;
 Eve might as well have *Adam* tied,
 As she deny'd her little Bed
 To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame,
 And measure out this only Dame.

Thrice

Thrice happy is that humble pair
 Beneath the level of all care ;
 Over whose heads those Arrows fly
 Of sad distrust and Jealousie ;
 Secured in as high extream,
 As if the World held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs do show,
 Like moving Mountains top'd with snow ;
 And every Man a *Polyphemus*
 Does to his *Galatea* seem ;
 None may presume her Faith to prove,
 He professes Death that professes Love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kind nature thus
 From all the world had sever'd us,
 Creating for our selves us two,
 As Love has me for only you.

old man's age, & his example being

useful to several others.

A close-lashed cloud, & to
Love's farewell.

TReading the past ~~to~~ Nobler Ends,
A long farewell to Love I gave,
Resolv'd my Country and my Friends
All that remain'd of me should have,
And this ~~Resolve~~ no mortal Dame, I giv'd her leave
None but those eyes could have discern'd
The Nymph, I dare not name, of whom
So high, so like her self alone smiling yon above
Thus the tall Oak which now aspires
Above the feet of private Fires,
Crown'd and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but blust'rd the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heaven endure.

From

From a Child.

Madam,

AS in some Climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load
Before our Violets dare look abroad:
So measure not by any common use,
The early Love your brighter eyes produce,
When lately your fair hand in women's weed,
Wrap't my glad head, I wish't me so indeed,
That hasty Time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now;
That I might ever such intelligence find,
And you not blith, or think your self too kind,
Who now I fear while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less.

The

The sound of Love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard it self, though but a Child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new-fal'n snow.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender walt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done.
It was my Heaven's extremest Sphear,
The pale which held that lovely Dear;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.
A narrow compass, and yet where
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.

Givo

Give me but what this Ribon bound,

Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

The Apology of Sleep.

For not approaching the Lady, who can do
any thing but sleep when she pleaseth.

MY charge it is those ~~peaches~~ to repair
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil and
Rest to the Limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds ; but naught can add to her,
Whom Heaven and her transcendent thoughts have
Above those ills, which wretched Mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy She
From all that may infringe delight, is free.
Love at her Royal Feet his quiver lays,
And not his Master with more hastic obeys,

Such

Such real pleasures, such true joys, suspense,
What Dream can I present to recompence?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command:
Or place her in *Olympus* top, a guest
Among th' immortals, who with Nectar feast:
That power would stem, that enticement short
Of the true splendor of her present Court;
Where all the joys and all the glories are
Of three great Kingdoms, rever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending do the heat of sense invade,
No Cloud in so serene a Mansion find,
To overcast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those sparkle's Skies,
Where flowing Night want of Rain supplies;
That Christal Heaven, where *Phœbus* never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his Face in Clouds.

But

But what so hard which numbers cannot force?
So stoops the Moon, and Rivers change their course:
The bold *Mornian* made me dare to steep ~~all~~ ^{all}
Joves dreadful Temples in the dew of sleep. ~~all~~ ^{all}
And since the Muses do invoke my power, ~~all~~ ^{all}
I shall no more decline that Sacred Bower,
Where *Gloriana*, their great Mistress lies,
But gently naming those victorious Eyes, ~~all~~ ^{all}
Charm all her senses; till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his course has run. ~~all~~ ^{all}
Who while my hand that ~~faire~~ bright confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

At Pens-burſt.

WHile in the Park I sing, the lifting Deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their Heads as if they felt the same:

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they answet me in shew'rs,
To thee a wild and cruel Soul is given,
More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heav'n.
Loves Foe profest, why dost thou falsely feign
Thy self a *Sidney*? from which Noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
That all we can of Love or high desire,
Seems but the spark of amorous *Sydney's* fire.
Nor can her Mother, who so well do's prove,
One breast may hold both Chastity and Love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive; to no humane stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature to recompence the fatal pride

Of such stern Beauty, plac'd those healing springs,
Which not more help, than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my trait'rous song;
With thee conspires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I suffer not my self to lose
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath still ferment the Fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire.

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just *Apollo*, President of Verse:
Highly concerned, that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me, on yon aged Tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hye thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at least may with this passion find.

Ab

Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble Swain
 Fails for relief unto the raging Main;
 And from the Winds and Tempests does expect
 A milder fate, than from her cold neglect:
 Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice; and vows this endless Love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

Another.

HAd Sacharissa liv'd when Mortals made
 Choice of their Deities, this Sacred shade
 Had held an Altar to her power, that gave
 The Peace and Glory which these allays have:
 Embroidered so with Flowers where she stood,
 That it became a Garden of a Wood:
 Her presence has such more than humane Grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest place;

And

And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor Art.
The Planes acknowledge this, and her admire
No less than those of old, did *Orpheus's* Lire.
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,
They round about her into Arbors crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-Marshal'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchless Dame,
That if together ye fed all one Flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart,
Go Boy, and carve this passion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which stands the sacred mark.

H

Of

Of noble ~~Sad~~ birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble Love;
His humble Love, whose hope shall ne'er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

Not that thy Trees at Penshurst groan,
Oppressed with their timely load,
And seem to make their silent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad;
They to delight his tast or eye,
Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmless Deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
Whose Arrows they would gladly stain.

No, nor thy friends which hold too dear
That peace with *France*, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here,
Wherein there meet the divers Laws
Of publick and domestick care.

For one bright Nymph out youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of *Thetis's Son*,
For which such stern debate did rise,

That the Great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,

Those Achive Peers did more engage,
Than shc the gallants of our age.

That beam of Beauty which begun
To warm us so when thou wert here,

Now scorches like the raging Sun

When Syrius does first appear.

O fix this Flame, and let despair

Redeem the rest from endless care!

To a very young Lady.

Vhy came I so untimely forth
 Into a World, which wanting thee
 Could entertain us with no worth
 Or shadow of felicity?

That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love.

Yet fairest blossom, do not slight
 That age which you may know so soon ;
 The Rosie Morn resigns her light,
 And milder Glory to the Noon :
 And then what wonders shall you do,
 Whose dawning Beauty warms us so ?

Hope



upon several occasions.

101

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not lookt on as a time
Of declination or decay.

For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

S O N G.

Say lovely dream, where couldst thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this Glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In Heaven it self thou sure wer'st drest
With that Angel-like disguise,
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed Eyes.

But ah ! this Image is too kind
To be other than a dream !
Cruel Sacharissa's Mind
Never put on that sweet extream
Fair dream, if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that Heavenly face of thine ;
Paint despis'd Love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meagre let it look
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wak'd by the Brook
Of Lethe, or from graves escapes
Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so,
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from Greatness, State, and Pride,

Thus surprised she may fall:

Sleep does disproportion hide,

And death resembling equals all.

S O N G.

Behold the hand of Beauty tost;

See how the motion does dilate the Flame:

Delighted Love his spoils does boast;

And triumph in this game.

Fire to no place confin'd,

Is both our wonder and our fear,

Moving the mind,

As Lightning hurl'd through the Air.

High Heaven the Glory does encrease

Of all her shining lamps this artful way;

siguadA

H 4

The

The Sun in Figures such as these
 Joys with the Moon to play.
 To the sweet strains they advance,
 Which do result from their own spheres;
 As this Nymphs dance,
 Moves with the numbers which she hears.

DAV 03

On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.

Pigmalion's fate reverst is mine,
 His marble Love took flesh and Bloud ;
 All that I worshipt as Divine,
 That Beauty now 'tis understood,
 Appears to have no more of life
 Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.

As Women yet who apprehend
 Some sudden cause of causeless fear,

Although

Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold do danger near,
A shaking through their Limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So though the Beauty do appear
No Beauty, which amaz'd me so ;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy rase
The print of that supposed face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narcissus* did admire ;
I dote on that which is no where,
The sign of Beauty feeds my fire :
No mortal Flame was e're so cruel
As this which thus survives the fuel.

To

*To a Lady from whom he received a
Silver Pen.*

Madam,

I Ntending to have try'd
The Silver Favour which you gave,
In Ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the sable wave :
When griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take

From her fair hand so fair a boon ;
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrought,
Instructed by her Noble thought?

I that

I that expressed her commands,
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Always most welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble stile
Some meaner Beauty to beguile.
So I, the wronged Pen to please,

Make it my hunable thanks express
Unto your Ladyship in these :

And now 'tis forced to confess,
That your great self did ne're indite,
Nor that to one more Noble write.

*On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by
four Ladies.*

*T*wice Twenty slender Virgin singers twine
This curious Web, where all their fancies shine

As

As Nature Them, so they this shade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.

Not Juno's Bird, when his fair train dispread,
He woos the Female to his painted bed;
No not the bow which so adorns the Skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

*To my Lord of Northumberland upon the
death of his Lady.*

TO this great loss a Sea of Tears is due;
But the whole debt not to be paid by you;
Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
Those show'rs the eyes of us, your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which dries
Her sole child dead, the tender Mothers eyes).

Your

Your minds relief, where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne'r could grow
Beyond their limits in your Noble Breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great self stray:
Whose mild example seemed to engage
Th' obsequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emilius*, his great charge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and Fate of *Macedon*)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke
Before *Rome's* people: we did oft implore
That if the Heav'ns had any bad in store
For your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill
On his own house, and let you flourish still.
You on the barren Seas (my Lord) have spent,
Whole Springs and Summers, to the publick lent:
Suspend

Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shortned the short joy of such a wife:
For which your Countrey's more obliged, then
For many lives of old, less-happy men.
You that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of Youth and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your Affliction, as Delight:
Then with *Emilia* courage bear this cross,
Since publick persons only publick loss
Ought to affect: and though her form and youth,
Her application to your Will and Truth,
That noble Sweetness, and that humble State
All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate,
Might give excuse to any common Breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress;
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
Iniquit

To

upon several occasions.

FFF

To the last Act; it is enough, her Stone
May honour her with Supercription
Of sh: sole Lady, who had power to move
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

*To my Lord Admiral of his late Sickness
and Recovery.*

With joy like ours, the Thrush youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elysian* shades,
Embrace the *Here*, and his stay implore,
Make it their publick suit, he would no more
Desert them so, and for his Spouse's sake,
His vanish't Love, tempt the *Lethean* Lake,
The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair *Euridice* succeed:

Euridice

Euridice, for whom his num'rous moan
Makes lightning Trees, and salvage Mountains groan;
Through all the Air, his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow, like that which toucht our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our Great Charles whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst, it gave our souls relief:
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature, (her fairest lights eclipsed,) seems
Her self to suffer in those sharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the World admires.

The

The stemm thus threatned, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree :
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend :
As Lillies over charg'd with Rain they bend
Their beauteous heads, & and with high Heaven eon
Fold thee within their snowy Army and cry ^(tend)
He is too faultless and too young to die :
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away :
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and restor'd again ?

Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go
Though to be blest ? o'er her *Adonis* so
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious showr
Of her warm tears cherisht the springing Flow'r.

The next support fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that Noble frame,

I

By

By loss of thee would ho advantage have,
But step by step pursues thee to the grave.

And now relentless fate, about to end
The line which backward does so far extend,
Th' antick stock at which still World supplies
With bravest Spirits, and with brightest Eyes,
Kind *Phœbus* interposing, bid me say
Such storms no more shall shake that house, but they,
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neece, shall be
The shining Glories of the Land and Sea:
With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our age,
And Lovers fill, with like Poetick rage.

A la Malade.

A H lovely *Amoret*, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
(s Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So ample thence the common end

Of giving Lovers, to pretend.

Hence to this pining sickness (meant

To weary thee to a consent

Of leaving us,) no power is given,

Thy Beauties to impair; for Heaven

Solicites thee with such a care,

As Roses from their stalks we tear,

When we would still preserve them new,

And fresh as on the bush they grew.

With such a Grace you entertain,

And look with such contempt on pain,

That languishing you conquer more,

And wound us deeper than before.

So lightnings which in storms appear,

Scorch more than when the Skies are clear,

And as pale sickness does invade

Your fraailer part, the breaches made

In that fair Lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest your foul, appear.
So Nymphs o're pathless Mountains born,
There light Robes by the Brambles torn
From their fair Limbs, exposing new
And unknown Beauties to the view
Of following gods, increase their flame,
And haste to catch the flying Game.

Of the Queen.

THe Lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;
But if the promise of a cloudless day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shews, 'twas not for want of voice
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretcht
Towards Heaven, as if from Heaven her note she
fetcht.
So

So we坐着 from the busie throng,
Use to restrain sh' ambition of our Song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies
To light her Torch at Gloriana's eyes,

Those Sovereign beams, which heal the wounded
And all our cares but once beheld controul; (soul
There the poor Lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nymphs scorn, of his fond passion cur'd
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone
(For life it had, and like those jewels shone :)
He held it dear, till by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the Lover as we Gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt Limb, away:
This makes her bleeding Patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use:
Could Nature then no private Woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light?

Thus in a Starry night fond Children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the Sky;
Which though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one enclin'd,
Her bounty and compassion to Mankind:
To whom while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:

For

For Mercy has (could Mercies self be seen) No swifter look than this propitious Queen; Such guard and comfort the distressed find From her large power, and from her larger mind That whom ill fate would ruin, it prefers, For all the Miserable are made hers.

So the fair Tree whereon the Eagle Builds,
Poor Sheep from tempests, & their Shepherds shields:
The Royal Bird possesses all the bows,
But shade and shelter to the Flock allows.
Joy of our age, and safety of the next,
for which so oft thy fertile Womb is vexed;
Nobly contented, for the publick good
To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:
What vast hopes may these Islands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus descended are to reign?

Led by Commanders of so fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mothers eyes, he makes him yield.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea ;
The man to whom great *Maro* gives such fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came ;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish) springs from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

May those already curst *Effexian* plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns
Prove all a Desart, and none there make stay,
But savage Beast, or men as wilde as they.

Three

Three the fair light which all our Island grac'd,
Like Hero's Taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boisterous wind.

Ah, cruel Heaven ! to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray, (sought
With thousand vows and tears we should have
That sad decrees suspension to have wrought,
But we (alas) no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word at once like Lightning spread,
Strook all our ears, The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps persue.
That death should license have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the vertuous, and the young;
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battle born,
With goared hand and veil so rudely torn,

Like

Like terror did among th' immortals brood,
Taught by her wound that Goddesses may bleed
All stand amaz'd, but beyond the rest and none
Th' heroique Dame whose happy womb the blest
Mov'd with just grief expostulates with Heaven,
Urging the promise to the obsequious given,
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious Soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful Eye at once might read the Race
Of Caledonian Monarchs in her Face,
And sweet Humanity; her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of Vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do!
So gentle and severe, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her Love was due,
So Fast, so Faithful, Loyal, and so True,
That

That a bold hand has soon might hope to force
The routing lights of Heaven, as change her course.

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here;

And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,

Through the wide world we'll make her graces

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,

That all our Art and Power of speech is waste:

Here passion sways; but there the Muse shall raise

Eternal Monuments of louder praise.

There our delight complying with her fame,

Shall have occasion to recite thy name,

Fair Sacharissa, and now only fair:

To sacred friendship we'll an Altar rear;

Such as the Romans did erect of old,

Wheron a marble Pillar shall be told

The lovely passion each to other bare,

With the resemblance of that matchless pair,

Narcissus

Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind;
Save that you grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless Virgin, and a faultless Wife?
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing, part from thee
(Alas that such the last farewell should be!
So look't *Astrea*, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind;
Consent in Virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spight of death does last;
For as your tears and sorrow-wounded soul
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole;
So all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let

Let dark oblivion and the hollow grave
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well-chosen Love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the Skie:
Then grieve no more, that one so Heavenly shap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd;
Rather since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away:
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit,
We should suppose that some propitious spirit,
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

*To the Queen-Mother of France upon her
Landing.*

Great Queen of *Europe*, where thy off-spring
(wears
All the chief *Crowns*, where Princes are thy
(heirs
As

As welcome then to Sea-girt Britia's shores,
As erst *Latona* (who fair *Cynthia* bore,)
To Delos was, Here shines a Nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.

Why was her Joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
Or why did you so much regard the wind?
Scarce could the Ocean (though inrag'd) have lost
Thy Sovereign Bark, but where th' obsequious coast
Pays tribute to thy Bed; *Rome's* conquering hand
More vanquish'd Nations under her command
Never reduc'd; glad *Berecynthia*, so
Among her deathless Progeny did go;
A wreath of Flow'r's adorn'd her rev'rend Head,
Mother of all that on *Ambrosia* fed:
Thy godlike race must sway the age to come,
As she *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.
Would those Commanders of Mankind obey
Their honor'd Parent, all pretences lay.

Down

Down at your Royal Feet, compost their jars,
And on the growing Turk discharge these Wars:
The Christian Knights that sacred Tomb should
From Pagan hands, and Triumph o'er the *East*;
Our *Englands* Prince and *Gallia's* Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In single combate; by their sword again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* slain;
Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your *Thuscan* Muse exalt the fight.

To the mutable Fair.

Here, *Celia*, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy,
And that I may successful prove
Transform my self to what you love.

Fool

Fool that I was so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise,
Fool that with such dull Arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove;
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force, and mock our skill,
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance,
Against a Wind-mill our vain Launce.

Now will I wander through the Air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawless as the Sea or Wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'r you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal Stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our Books,

But

But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any Art the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious Air
Jove's royal comfort had the care:
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold *Ixion's* rape;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud which he embrac'd.
Such was that Image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness which beguil'd
Your Thirst lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Geis* caught.
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air:

A fate for which he grieves the losse even and
Because the gods had like success. nA ym o1
For in their story one (we see) o1 o1 yd
Pursoe; a Nymph, and takes a Treasour o1
A second with a Lovers haste o1 o1 yd
Soon overtakes whom he had chace'd; yd o1
But she that did a Virgin seem, o1 o1 yd
Possest appears a wondring stream; yd o1
For his supposed love a third way find; yd
Lays greedy hold upon a bird; yd o1
And stands amaz'd to find his dear, o1 o1 yd
A wild Inhabitant of the air. yd o1

To these old tales such Nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new; o1
The Am'rous now like wonders find; yd o1
In the swift changes of your mind; o1
But C. if you apprehend o1 Lqslf 2w1
The Muse of your incensed friends; o1

Nor

Nor would that he record your blame, and I
And make it live, repeat the same story and bNA
Again deceive him, and again heM to do q and T
And then he sweats he'll not complain. vult bNA
For still to be deluded so, vult bNA
Is all the pleasure Lovers know, vult bNA
Who, (like good Faulkners) take delight, vult bNA
Not in the quarry, but the flight. vult bNA

Shakspeare's Hamlet and Malvolio vult bNA
and boldness vult bNA *Of Salley.* vult bNA

O Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales Antiquity has told,
Such beasts and monsters as their force oppress,
Some places only, and sometimes infest; vult bNA
Salley that scorn'd all power and laws of Men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their doa;
And future ages threatening with a rude, vult bNA
And savage rage successively renew'd, vult bNA

Salley

K 3

Their

Their King despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profest to all the World beside,
This pest of Mankind gives our *Her* fame,
And through th' obliged world diffates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel *Ayng* said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine; and with that sword
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
Just *Charles* like measure has return'd to these,
Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled Seas,
With Ships they made the spoiled Merchant mourn,
With Ships their City and themselves are torn.
One Squadron of our winged Gaules sent
O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent;
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the Seas,
Like hungry Wolves these Pirates from our shore,
Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish't Cattel boar;

Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the Sea :
Mad *Cacus* so whom like ill fate persuades
The herd of fair *Alcmena's* seed invades ;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid Thief,
Morocco's Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injur'd worlds revenger, and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his Bark proportion'd Presents bears
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumiz'd and matchles horse.

Puerperum.

You Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compose

All that's beneath your power,
Calm silence on the Seas, on Earth impose,
Fair *Venus* in thy soft arms,

The God of rage confine,
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline
Thou the flame, whose nothing at once
Kindled in his breast can tame,
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine
Great Goddess give this thy sacred Island rest,
Make Heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us, while

Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her nest.

Great *Gloriana*, fair *Gloriana*,
Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,

Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose Royal Bed gives us
Both glory and peace,
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira.

(known
While she pretends to make the Graces
Of matchless *Mira*, she reveals her own,
And when she would anothers praise indite,
Is by her selfe instructed how to write.

To one married to an old Man

(ill charms.
Since thou would'st needs, bewitcht with some
Be buried in those monumental arms:
All we can wish, is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.

To Flavia. Song.

T Is not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart;

The Sun in all his pride and rage,

Has not that Art;

And yet he shines as bright as you,

If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,

Nor those you write,

Which can make *Thirfis* heart your prey:

For that delight,

The grace of a well-taught mind,

In some of our own sex we find.

No Flavia, 'tis your love I fear,

Loves surcil darts,

Those which so seldom fail him are

Headed with hearts;

Their

Their very shadows makes us yield,
Dissemble well, and win the field.

The Fall.

See how the willing earth gave way
To take th' impulsion where she lay.
See how the mouldie death to leave
So sweet a burden, still which cleave
Close to the Nymphs fair'd gaudient; here
The coming Spring should first appear,
And all this place with Roses showy;
If busie feet would let them grow;
Here *Venus* siml'd to see blind Chance
It self, before her son advance,
And a fair Image be presented on earth
Of what the boy so long had meintenit.
Twas such a chance as this made all
The World into this order fall;

Thus

Thus the first lovers, on the clay
 Of which they were compoed lay;
 So in their prime with equal grace
 Met the first patterns of our race:
 Then blush not (fair) or on him frown,
 Or wonder how you both came down;
 But touch him, and the amiable strain,
 How could he then support your weight?
 How could the rough (also) high-bred
 When his whole heart upon him leaned,
 If ought by him might be done;
 'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

Of Silvia.

Our sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares,
 The sense it has of lovers' cares;
 She that so far the rest out-shines,
 Silvia the fair whiles the was kind;

As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now :

So when the Sky makes us endure

A storm, it self becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my name,
Hiding from *Flav.* & self her name :

Lest she provoking Heaven should prove
How it rewards neglected love.

Better a thousand such as I

Their grief unfold should pine and die ;

Then her bright morning overcast

With sullen clouds should be defac'd.

The Budd.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming Rose,
This early Bud began to blush,
And did but half it self disclose;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon;
All that was meant by Air or Sun
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same inform'd of love,
Of purest love and musick too
When *Flavia* it aspires to move:

When that, which life-less buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

260

upon several occasions.

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Upon Ben. Johnson.

Mirror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage
Pleas'd and dispeas'd with her own faults, induc's
A remedy like those whom musick cures:
Thou hast alone those various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
So traced with thy All-resembling Pen
That what e're custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill got Habit, which deforms them so,
That feares a Brother can his Brother know,
Is represented to the wondring eyes
Of all that see or read thy Comedies:
Who ever in those Glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind:
And by the help of so divine an Art
At leisure view and dress his Nobler part.

Marcissus

Narcissus couzen'd by that flatt'ring Well,
 Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
 Had here discov'ring the deform'd estate
 Of his good mind, preserv'd him self with hate,
 But *Vice* too, as well as *Vice*, is clad
 In flesh and Blood so well, that *Pluto* had
 Beheld what his high fancy once embrac'd
 Venus with colours, speech, and motion grac'd:
 The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
 Who would express a thousand Tongues must use;
 Whose face's no less peculiar than thy Art,
 For as *Abu* couldst all characters impart,
 So none could render thine, who still escapes
 Like *Proteus* in variety of shapes,
 Who was, nor this, nor that; but all; we find,
 And all we can imagine in mankind stand out

upon several occasions.

143

of song & glad mirth (basiflavor) in HST

*To Mr. George Sands, on his translation
of some parts of the Bible.*

How bold a work attempts that Pen,
Which would enrich our yulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?
Whate'er these inspired Souls
Were urged to express did shake
The aged deep, and both the Poles;
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.
Say (Sacred Band) what could bestow
Courage on thee, to soar so high?

Tell

Tell me (brave Friend) what help'd thee so
 To shake off all mortality,
 To light this Torch, thou hast climb'd higher
 Than he who stole Celestial fire.

Chloris and Hillas. Made to a Sarabran.

Chl. **H**illas, & Hilas, why sit we mute,
 Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring?
 Wind up the slackn'd strings of thy Lute,
 Never canst thou want matter to sing?

For love thy Breast does fill with such a fire,
 That whatso'er is fair, moves thy desire.

Hil. Sweetest you know, the sweetest of things,
 Of various flowers the Bees do compose,
 Yet no particular taste it brings
 Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink or Rose:

So love the result is of all the graces

Which flow from a thousand several faces.

Not

Chl.

Ob. Hiles, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
 Could we but know the Language they use,
 They would instruct us better in Love,
 And reprehend thy inconstant Mute:

For Love their Breasts does fill with such a fire,
 That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

Ob. Chleris, this change the Birds do approye,
 Which the warm Season hither does bring;
 Time from your self does further remove
 You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
 She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
 The Oak now resembles with lightning hath
 (blasted

Under a Ladies Picture.

Such *Hellen* was, and who can blamie the Boy
 That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy*?

L

But

But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
 The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for Pity, but with silent moan,
 And better Fate had perished alone.

In answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses.

Pro.

STAY here fond Youth and ask no more be wise,
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

Con.

And by your knowledge we should be bereft
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

Pro.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou woul'st, should
 Last in their pride, and woul'st not take it ill
 If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy
 Thou awak't, he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Con.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
 Be stiled virtuous, and the end not so?

Talk

Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire.
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire,
But to sleep better; for who e're drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himself asleep.

ad diuina oracula suorum. Pro.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloys:
Who thinks he should be happier made for that
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a Surfeit, this once past,
What relishes? even kisses lose their taste.

Con.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But shall we starve, cause Surfeiting destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys just *Himen* warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?

L 2

Con.

Pro.
Urge not 'tis necessary : alas ! we know
The homliest thing that Mankind does, is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, Children there must be,
So must Bread too; but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

Con.

I need not plough, since what the stooping Hinde
Gets of my pregnant Land, must all be mine :
But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not so ;
For when *Anchises* did fair *Venus* know,
What Interest had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
Famous *Aeneas*, or the present joy?

Pro.

Women enjoy'd, what e'retosome they have been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once seen :
Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play much more
Than if one read, or knew the Plot before.

Con.

Con.

Plays and Romances read, and seen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not seen at all
Whom would they please? to an Heroick tale.
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

Pro.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Con.

If'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
Twould not be Heaven to those that now are there.

Pro.

As in Prospects we are there pleased most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint,
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

Con.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
 Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
 We wish remov'd what standeth in our light
 And nature blame for limiting our sight,
 Where you stand wisely winking that the view
 Of the fair prospect may be always new.

Pro.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor:
 He's only rich that cannot tell his store.
Con.
 Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,
 But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

*To a Friend of the different success of
 their Loves.*

Thrice happy pair of whom we cannot know,
 Which first began to love, or loves most now:
 Fair course of passion where two Lovers start,
 And run together, heart still yoakt with heart:

Successful

Successful Youth, whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the first Essay.
Sure Love's an Art best practised at first,
And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst;
I with a different Fate pursu'd in vain
The haughty *Celia*, till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion born,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn;
Now she relents, but all too late to move
A heart directed to a Nobler love.
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now, than my vows and services did before;
So in some well wrought hangings you may see
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Greeians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet his fires;
But there from Heaven the blewey'd Virgin falls
And frightened *Troy* retires within her Walls.

They that are foremost in that bloody Race
Turn head anon; and give the Conquerors chace; ^{the}
So like the chantes are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
In love the victors from the vanquish'd flee,
They flee that wound, and they pursue that die.

An Apology for having loved before.

They that never had the use ^{and so all woul} of
Of the Grapes surprizing juyce; ^{the most A}
To the first delicious cup, ^{and this can solist off}
All their Reason render up: ^{away you woul woul}
Neither do not care to know, ^{all how smot nice}
Whether it be best or no. ^{the school woul woul}
So they that are to love inclin'd, ^{A coroll off each}
Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art, ^{the last}
To the first that's fair or kind, ^{the most coul coul}
Make a present of their heart; ^{away by by the Riba}

Tis

"Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To Man that was i'th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light,

Then at *Aurora*, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the Skies,
He gazing toward the *East* did stand,
She entertain'd his Eyes,

But when the bright Sun did appear,
All those he can despise,
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise;

He neither might nor wist to know
A more resplendent light;

For

For that (as mine your beauties now)

Employ'd his utmost fight.

To Zelinda.

FAIREST piece of well form'd Earth,

Urge not thus your haughty birth:

The power which you have o're us lies

Not in your Race, but in your Eyes:

None but a Prince! alas that voice

Confines you to a narrow choice!

Should you no Honey vow to taste,

But what the Master-Bees have plac't

In compass of their Cells, how small

A portion to your share would fall?

Nor all appear among those few,

Worthy the stock from whence they grew:

The sap which at the Root is bred

In Trees, through all the Boughs is spread;

But

But Vertues which in Parents shine,
Make not like progress through the Line,
'Tis not from whom, but where we live ;
The place does oft those graces give
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led,
He that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrestler on the Green :
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native worth ;
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the Skies.
To the old *Heas* hence was given
A Pedigree which reach't to Heaven,
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd,
And beauty top in such excess
As yours, *Zelma* claims no less.

Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady Grove
 Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove,
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
 Caught with her Spouse's shape and name;
 Thy matchless form will credit bring
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays.

Fletcher, to the we do not only owe
 All our good Plays, but all those other too,
 Thy Wit repeated, does support the Stage,
 Credits the last, and entertains this Age,
 No worthies form'd by any Muse but thine
 Could purchase Robes, to make themselves fine
 What brave Commander is not proud to see
 Thy brave *Melanchist* in his Gallantry,
 Our

Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn;
The impatient Widow e're the year be done,
Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her Gown.

I never yet the Tragick strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that imitable Maid.
And when I venture at the Comick stile,
Thy scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in Plays by rendering it too hard;
So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw,
The Bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring caits,
Their emulation, and their pastime lasts;
But if some brawny Yeomen of the Guard
Step in and toss the Axle-tree a yard
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest,
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

To Chloris.

Chloris since first our calm of peace
 Was frightened hence, this good we find;
 Your favours with your fears encrease,
 And growing mischiefs make you kind:
 So the fair Tree which still preserves
 Her fruit and State, whil'st no winds blows,
 In storms from that uprightness swerves,
 And the glad earth abour her strows
 With Treasure from her yielding boughs.

On St. James's Park, as lately improved by
 His Majesty.

Of the first Paradice there's nothing found,
 Plants set by Heav'n are vanish't, & the ground;
 Yet the description lasts; who knows the fate
 Of lines that shall this Paradice relate?

Instead

Instead of Rivers rowling by the side
Of *Eden's* Garden, here flows in the Tyde ;
The Sea which always serv'd his Empire, now
Pays Tribute to our Prince's pleasure too :
Of famous Cities we the Founders know ;
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty ; 'tis of more renown
To make a River than to build a Town.
For future shade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks :
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphion's* hand
In better order could not make them stand ;
May they encrease as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows !
May he live long enough to see them all
Bark shadows cast, and as his Palace tall.
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The Lovers walking in that amorous shade,

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers side,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter slide.
Methinks I hear the Musick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the Notes;
Whilst overhead a flock of new sprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul?
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o're, and shrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud :
Beneath a shole of silver Fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges sides;
The Ladies angling in the Chrystal Lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes
They make the Fishes and the Men their prize;
A thousands Cupids on the Billows ride,
And Sea-Nymyhs enter with the swelling Tide,
From *Thetis* sent as Spies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sovereign's Court;

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
Or dead the Palat, here you may descry,
The choicest things that furnisht *Noah's Ark*,
Or *Peter's sheet*, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich Fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound:
Such various ways the spacious Allies lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread:
Yonder the harvest of cold Months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the Royal Cup,
There Ice, like Chrystal, firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* Frost,
Winters dark Prison, whence he cannot fli,
Though the warm Spring his Enemy draws nigh:
Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow
High on the *Alps*, or indeed Caves below.

M

Here

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy,
To see our Prince his marchless force employ,
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigor and youth in all his motion seen,
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long:
No sooner has he toucht the flying Ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got
As from a smoaking Culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees,
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold Sons of earth that thurst their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the Sky;
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With such old Counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise;

Free

Free from th' impediments of light and noise
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts employs:
Here *Charles* contrives the ordering of his States,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes fates:
What Nation shall have Peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The World from *India* to the frozen *North*,
Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives,
The prospect thought and contemplation gives:
That seat of Empire here salutes his eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,
The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *Whitehall*,
Built with the fortune of *Rome's* Capitol;
Both disproportion'd to the present State
Of their proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate;
From hence he does that antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the sacred Gold;

It gives them Crowns, and does their ashes keep,
There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep;
Making the circle of their Reign complete,
Those Suns of Empire, where they rise they set;
When others fell, this standing did presage
The Crown should triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that House where all our Ills were shap'd,
Th' auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So Snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
The distant Countrey in the ruine shares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain spares.
Next, that spacious Hall he sees the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Justice come.
Under whose large roòf flourishes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Pastor he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below;

On

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does Indulgence find;
The pleasures of his Youth suspended are,
And made a Sacrifice to publick care;
Here free from Court compliances he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks;
How peaceful Olive may his Temples shade,
For mending Laws, and for restoring Trade;
Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd,
For Nations conquer'd, and our Bounds enlarg'd:
Of ancient Prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising Kingdoms, and of falling States:
What ruling Arts gave Great *Augustus* Fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name:
His eyes upon his native Palace bent
Close by, suggest a greater argument,
His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect
On what the world may from that Star expect

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see
 Day for his sake could with the Night agree ;
 A Prince on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,
 Born, the divided World to reconcile :
 Whatever Heaven or high extracted blood
 Could promise or foretell, he will make good ;
 Reform these Nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park from what it was before.

*To Sir William D'Avenant upon his Two
 first Books of Gondibert, written in France.*

THus the wise Nightingale that leaves her home
 Her native Wood, when storm and winter
 (come,
 Pursuing constantly the cheerful Spring ,
 To foreign Groves does her old Musick bring ;
 The drooping Hebrews banish'd Harps unstrung
 At Babylon, upon the Willows hung ;

Yours

Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No less in Courage, than in Singing well;
Whilst unconcern'd you let your Countrey know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you;
Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates
Which threatens Kingdoms, and disorder States.

So *Ovid*, when from *Caesar's* rage he fled,
The *Roman Muse* to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he so sung, that we through pities Glass,
See *Nero* milder than *Augustus* was.

Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
Th' indulgent Censure of Posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own curse do bring;
Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.
This to thy self. Now to thy matchless Book,
Wherin those few that can with Judgment look,

May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,
Like new stamp't-Coin made out of Angel-gold
Such truth in Love as th' antique world did know,
In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.
Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,
But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy Theme, his Virtue or his Rage
Drawn to the Life in each elaborate Page.
Mars not *Bellona* are not named here;
But such a *Gondibert* as both might fear,
Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-shin'd,
By the bright *Birtha*, and thy *Rhodalind*.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the Grecian Gods.
Whose deities in vain had here come down
Where mortal Beauty wears the Sovereign Crown;
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood
(Though not resisted) may be understood.

70

To my worthy Friend Mr. Wase,
the Translator of Gratius.

T Hus by the Musick we may know

When Noble Wits a Hunting go

Through Groves that on *Parnassus* grow,

The Muses all the Chase adorn,

My Friend on *Pegasus* is born,

And young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the wind,

No pack of Critiques e're could find

Or he know more of his own mind.

Here Huntsmen with delight may read

How to chuse Dogs for scent or speed,

And how to change or mend the breed.

What Arms to use, or Nets to frame,

Wild beasts to combat or to tame,

With all the Mysteries of that game.

But

But (worthy Friend) the face of War
In ancient times does differ far
From what our fiery battels are.

Nor is it like (since powder known)
That man so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of Beasts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no Comment, but a Text,
To tell how modern Beasts are vexed.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage.

Since

Since none does more to *Phæbus* owe,
Or in more Languages can show
Those Arts which you so early know.

To the King, upon his Majesties happy Return.

THe rising Sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe of
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do.

But your full *MAJESTY* at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of Your Reign, Your Worth,
Your Youth, and all the splendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverse Fate,
With such a floud of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize,
That, if Your Grace incline that we should live,
You must not (S I R) too hastily forgive.

Our

Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting *Hester* does before you stand,
Watching your Scepter, the revolted Sea
Trembles to think she did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind *Polipheme*, of late
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
Of her proud Neighbors, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force would sink ;
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This Giant Isle has got her Eye again ;
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her Foes :
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunder shall.

Princes,

Princes, that saw you, different passions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold His height,
Whose Conversation was their late delight.

So *Semele* contented with the rape
Of *Jove* disguised in a mortal shape,
When he beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd,

And though it be our sorrow and our crime
To have accepted life so long a time
Without You here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present Reign:

For, having view'd the persons and the things,
The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe's* Kings,
You know your work; Ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main;
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as Books, but such as Practise taught;

So

So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern employ'd :
He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gums,
Which from remotest Regions hither comes.

'This seat of Yours, from th' other world remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engines force, fixt here, your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first *English* born,
That has the Crown of these three Nations worn:
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of Your own Soil, contended half an age?
Till (Your try'd Virtue, and Your sacred Word,
At last preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redrest His wrong.
When straight the People, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break

Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,
And with a Noble rage their KING require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some Acres, Avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel stay,
Raging, the late-got Land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest do begin
To strive for Grace, and expiate their sin :
All Winds blow fair, that did the World imbroil,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oil.

If then such praise the Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot ;
What Glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd int'rests, has the knot unty'd,

And

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouched Wall
Of self-demolish Jerico so lowa and won on
His Angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield
Like ears of Corn when Wind salutes the Field.

(ends;
Thus Patience crown'd: like Job's, Your Trouble
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, though your Courage were so firm a Rock,
What private Virtue could endure the shock?
Like Your great Master, you the Storm withstood,
And pitied those who Love with frailty shew'd.
Rude Indians torturing all the Royal Race
Him with the Throne and dear bought Scepter grace,

That

That Rulles best: what Region could be found,
Where your Heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how You combat Fortune now she's kind;
And this way too, You are victorious found,
She flatters with the same success she frown'd;
While to Your Self severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast Empire You possess the care,
The softer parts falls to the Peoples share:
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that banisht train,
Justice and Truth, with You return again:
The Cities Trade, and Countries easie life
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.

N

Youf

Your reign no less assures the Ploughman's peace,
 Than the warm Sun advances his increase;
 And does the Shepherds as securely keep
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse inspired train
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again;
 Kind Heaven at once has in your Person sent
 Their sacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aera signa
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent* —

*To my Lady Morton on New-years-day,
 1650. at the Louvre in Paris.*

Madam,

NEW-years may well expect to find
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so
 (kind,
 Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you,
 And make your Beauty as themselves seem new:

To

To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* prefer,
And fairest *Morton* now as much to her;
So like the Sun's adyance your Titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow;
But thus to stile you fair, your Sexes praise,
Gives you but *Mirtle*, who may challenge Bays:
From armed Foes to bring a Royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes;
If *Judeth* marching with the General's head,
Can give us passion when her Story's read,
What may the living do which brought away
Though a less bloody, yet a Nobler Prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princess, like a brand,
A brand preserv'd to warm some Princes heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brother's part
So *Venus* from prevailing *Greeks* did shrowd
The hope of *Rome*, and sav'd him in a cloud;

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the Portract of our time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomly to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way.
As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see
The Forest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Nest about to be o're thrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallick shoar.

Born

Born in the storms of War, this Royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous Air,
Though now she flies her native Isle, less kind,
Less safe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the blossom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British Throne,
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

Strange that such Horror and such Grace
Should dwell together in one place,
A fury's Arm, an Angel's Face.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
In *Chlori*'s fancy such mistakes,
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldnes barr'd

Her Servants have a task too hard,

The Tyrant has a double guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her sleeve

May boldly creep, we dare not give

Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave:

Contented in that Nest of Snow

He lies, as he his Bliss did know,

And to the Wood no more would go.

Take heed, (fair *Eve*) you do not make

Another Tempter of this Snake,

A marble one so warm'd would speak.

*To his worthy Friend Master Evelyn, upon
his Translation of Lucretius.*

THAT Chance and Atoms make this all

In Order Democratical,

Where Bodies freely run their course

Without design, or Fate, or Force.

In English Verse *Lucretius* sings
As if with *Pegasus* wings,
He soar'd beyond our outmost Sphere,
And other Worlds discovered there;
His boundless and unruly Wit
To Nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those Bars,
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which she was before suppos'd
By moderate Wits to be enclos'd
Till his free Muse threw down the Pale,
And did at once disspark them all.
So vast this Argument did seem
That the great Author did esteem
The *Roman* Language, which was spred
O're the whole world in Triumph led
Too weak, too narrow to unsold
The Wonders which he would have told.

This speaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And British Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Musick, and his Mind,
Thy Art has to our Country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, *Virgil* too
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* spar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was too hard.
Lucretius, like a Fort did stand
Untoucht, till your victorious Hand
Did sttom his Head this Garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear;
A Garland made of such new Bays,
And sought in such untrodden ways,
As no Man's Temples e're did Crown,
Save this fam'd Authors and your own.

Pax

Part of the 4th Book of Virgil Translated, beginning

Talesque miserrima fletus

Fertque refertque soror

And ending with,

Admixi torquent spumas & earula verrunt.

ALL this her weeping Sister does repeat
 To the stern Man, whom nothing could in-
 treat ;
 Lost were her Pray'rs, and fruitless were her Tears,
 Fate and great Joue had stop'd his gentle Ears.
 As when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend
 Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
 His reeling Trunk, and with a boisterous sound,
 Scatters his leaves, and strow them on the ground,
 He fixed stands, as deep his root doth lie,
 Down to the Centre, as his top is high,
 No less on every side the Hero prest,
 Feels Love and Piry shake his Noble brest,

And

And down his Cheeks though fruitless tears do rouz,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his Soul.
Then *Dido* urged with approaching Fate
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate ;
Her resolution to dispatch and die
Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy.
The water consecrate for Sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amaz'd eyes,
The Wine to putrid Blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own sister knows
Besides there stood as sacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy Fleeces and fresh Garlands crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound.
Her Husband's voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls preface the ills to come.
Besides, the Prophecie of Wizards old
Increast her terror and her fall foretold.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,
And finds *Aeneas* cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad *Prometheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
And Furies howl in his distempered ears.
Orestes so with like distraction tost,
Is made to flee his Mothers angry ghost.
Now grief and fury at their height arrive,
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive,
Her grieved Sister with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. (Dear Sister) let us prove
The Curse I have invented for my Love,
Beyond the Land of *Aethiopia* lies
The place where *Atlas* does support the Skies;
Hence came an old Magician that did keep
Th' *Hesperian* Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep;
Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve,
And where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve,

The

The course of Rivers or of Heaven can stop,
And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.
Witches ye Gods, and thou my dearest part,
How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art. I don't
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That Bed where I my ruine did embrace
With all the reliques of our impious Guest,
Arms, Spoils, and Presents, let the Pile be dreft,
(The knowing-woman thus prescribes) that we
May raze the Man out of our memory;
Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred Rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of Grief her Sister thought
Would follow, than *Sycheus* murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lie
Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round;
So by her Self was her own Funeral crown'd.

Upon

Upon the top, the *Trojan's Image* lies,
And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dies.
They by the Altar stand, while with loose hair
The Magick Prophetess begins her Prayer,
On Chao's, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the Room
With drops suppos'd from *Lethe's Lake* to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A Cake of Leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands,
One tender Foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited Love.
Now was the time when weary Mortals steep
Their careful Temples in the dew of sleep.

On

On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death like quiet, and deep silence fell; and but
But not on *Dido*, whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:—
A double passion in her breast does move
Love and fierce anger for neglected Love.
Thus she afflicts her Soul, What shall I do?
With Fate inverted shall I humbly woo?
And some proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or shall I, with the ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough by sad experience known,
The perjur'd Race of false *Laomedon*?—
With my *Sydonians* shall I give them chase?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dye, and let this Sword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

Ah

Ah Sister ! vanquish'd with my passion thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to *Sycheus* still,
And single-liv'd, I had not known this ill.

Such thoughts torments the Queen's enraged breast
While the *Dardanian* does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour, all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus*-seed ! Canst thou indulge thy sleep ?
Nor better guard in such great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to lose so fair a wind ?
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile Harbor shine
With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruine thine ;
She meditates Revenge resolv'd to dye,
Weigh Anchor, quickly, and her Fury fly.

This

This said, the God in shades of Night retard.

Amaz'd *Aeneas* with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rouzing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight aghast;
Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread,
What God so're that thus vouchsafe it to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy Will obey,
Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious With that word
He cuts the Cable with his shining Sword;
Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
They quit the Shore, and rush into the Main;
Plac't on their banks, the lusty *Trojans* sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

Open

Of a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea.

Now for some Ages had the pride of *Spain*
Made the Sun shine on half the World in
While she bid War to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made dye.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the Earth lay waste.

From the new World her silver and her gold
Came, like a Tempest, to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd Elector's hopes,
Alone she gave us Emperors and Popes;
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her *Indian* Mines.

When *Britain* looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded Majesty of *Spain*,

O

And

And knowing well that Empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin;
Our Nations solid virtue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the Worlds repose.

And now some Months incamping on the Main,
Our Naval Army had besieged *Spain*.
They that the whole worlds Monarchy design'd,
Are to their Ports by our bold Fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red-cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a Rival on the Sea.
Others may use the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *English* make it their aboad,
Whose ready Sails, with every wind can flie,
And make a Cov'nant with th' unconstant Skie;
Our Oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching saw,

And

And hop'd their *European* Coasts to find

Clear'd from our Ships by the Autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious Gallions stuff with Plate
The lab'ring winds drive slowly towards their fate.

Before St *Lucar* they their Guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a Barge;
This heard some Ships of ours (though out of view)
And swift as Eagles to the Quarry flew:
So heedless Lambs which for their Mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that Tragique play,
And with their smoaky Cannons banish day;
Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,
And in their sable Arms imbrace the Fleets.
Through yielding Planks the angry Bullets fliè,
And of one wound hundreds together die:
Born under different stars one Fate they have,
The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.

Bold were the Men which on the Ocean first
Spread their new Sails, when shipwreck was the
More danger now from Man alone we find
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind,
They that had sail'd from near th' Antartick Pole,
Their Treasure safe, and all their Vessels whole,
In sight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be
Without the guilt of either Rock or Sea.
What they would spare, our fiercer Art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise;
Once *Jove* from *Hea*, did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray,
Here Heaven in vain that kind retreat shou'd sound,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading, to the bottom went,
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports)
The Pay of Armies, and the Pride of Courts.

Vain

Vain Man! whose Rage buries as low that store,
As Avarice had dig'd for it before ;
What earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands lies safer in the deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly does from Mortals hide
Those seeds of Luxury, Debate and Pride.

And now into her Lap the richest prize
Fell with the noblest of our Enemies,
The Marquis glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing Foes were to enjoy,
Out from his flaming Ship his Children sent
To perish in a milder Element ;
Then laid him by his burning Ladies side,
And since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
And *Phænix*-like, in that rich Nest they dic;
Alive in flames of equal Love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd;

Ashes more worth than all their funeral coft,
Than the huge Treasure which was with them lost
These dying Lovers, and their floating Sons
Suspend the Fight, and silence all our Guns:
Beauty and Youth about to perish finds
Such Noble pity in brave *English* minds,
That the rich Spoil forgot, their Valors prize,
All labour now to save their Enemies.
How frail our Passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care?
They that but now for Honour and for Plate
Made the Sea blush with bloud, resign their hate
And their young Foes endeav'ring to retrive,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive

Epitaph

*Epitaph To be written under the Latine In-
scription upon the Tomb of the Only
Son of the Lord Andover.*

T Is fit the *English* Reader should be told
In our own Language what this Tomb do's
Tis not a Noble Corps alone do's lie hold:
Under this Stone, but a whole Family;
His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy;
This lovely Youth, for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His Courage, Wit, and Breeding, to have shew'd,
We had not found in all the numerous Rowl
Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater Soul,

His early Vertues to that ancient Stock

Give as much Honour, as from thence he took.

Like Buds appearing e're the Frosts are past,
To become Man he made such fatal haste,
And to perfection labor'd so to climb,
Preventing slow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd;
He's seldom Old, that will not be a Child.

*To the Queen, upon Her Majesties Birth-
day, after Her Happy Recovery from a
Dangerous Sickness.*

Farewell the Year, which threatned so
The fairest Light the world can show;
Welcome the New, whose every day
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the Fair,
That matchless Beauty does repair

So fast, that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flowry Meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give her all she had before.

But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We that esteem'd You sent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this Island giv'n,
To shew us what the Bleſſ'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we Immortal thought,
We saw so near Destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure
And tremble yet, as not secure;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark Eclipse set free,
Th' Influence which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year:

But

But that which may Relieve our Care,
Is that You have a Help so near
For all the Evil you can prove,
The kindness of Your Royal Love:
He that was never known to Mourn,
So many Kingdoms from him Torn;
His Tears reserv'd for You, more dear,
More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were:

For when no healing Art prevail'd,
When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,
On your pale Cheek he dropt the show'r,
Reviv'd you like a Dying Flow'r.

*Nunc itaque & versus & cetera ludicra pono,
Quid verum, atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in
(hoc sum,*

Instructions

upon several occasions.

203

Instructions to a

P A I N T E R ,

For the

Drawing of the Posture and Progress
of His Majesties Forces at Sea,
under the Command of His

H i g h n e s s - R o y a l :

Together with the
Battel and Victory obtain'd over the

D U T C H ,

June 3, 1665.

F Irst draw the Sea, that portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours is seen;
Here

Here place the *British*, there the *Holland Fleet*,
Vast floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet:

Draw the whole World, expecting who should
(Reign,
After this Combat, o're the conquer'd Main;
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual Star,
Declare th' Importance of the approaching War:

Make the Sea shine with Gallantry, and all
The *English* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whose early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in conduct show'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'rest draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cause.

Let thy bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage spread
Through the whole Navy, by that Heroe led;
Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Die:

With His Extraction, and His Glorious mind
Make the proud Sails swell, more than with the wind
Preventing

Preventing Cannon, make His louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame :
So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their Prey,
Stop, when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him bestride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask His consent, to use the Sea and Wind :
While his tall Ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the *Indies* in His armed Hand.
Paint an East-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of *Holland* for their Navies stay ;
Make them look pale, and the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold North, and Rocky Regions run,
To find the Coast where Morning first appears,
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgian* steers,
Confessing now, He dreads the *English* more,
Than all the dangers of a frozen Shore ;
While from our Arms security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the Day behind,

Describe

Describe their Fleet abandoning the Sea;
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our first success in War, make *Bacchus* Crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:

The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandy lose;
Disarm'd of that, from which their Courage grows;
While the glad *English*, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great Leader drink the spoil:

His high Command to *Africk's* Coast extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *English* bend:
Those barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give;
Deserted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great business do;
False Friends chastise, and common Foes restrain,
Which worse than Tempests did infest the Main;
Within those *Streights* make *Holland's* *Smirna* Fleet
With a small Squadron of the *English* meet;

Like

Like Falcons these, those like a numerous Flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the Shock.
There paint Confusion in a various shape
Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape:
Europe and *Africa* from either shore
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar;
While the divided world, in this agree,
Men that Fight so, deserve to rule the Sea.
But nearer home, thy Pensil use once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* shore;
The World they compas'd while they fought with
But here already they resign the Main: (*Spain*,
Those greedy Marriners, out of whose way,
Diffusive Nature could no Region lay,
At home preserv'd, from Rocks and Tempests lie,
Compel'd, like others, in their Beds to die;
Their single Towns th' *Iberian* Armies prest,
We all their Provinces at once invest,

And

And in a Month Ruine their Traffique more,

Than that long War could in an Age before.

But who can always on the Billows lie?

The watry Wilderness yields no supply;

Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we resort,

And meet the Beauties of the *Brittish* Court,

Th' Illustrious Ductheſſ, and her Glorious Train,

Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs adorn the Main;

The gazing Sea-gods, since the *Paphian* Queen

Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen;

Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop so fair,

Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare

Resolv'd the aid of *Neptune*'s Court to bring,

And help the Nation where such Beauties spring;

The Soldier here his wasted store supplies,

And takes new Valor from the Ladies Eyes:

Mean while like Bees when stormy Winter's gone,

The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)

Desert

Desert their Ports, and falling in their way
Our *Hamburgh* Merchants are become their Prey;
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching Fight;
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.

To check their Pride, our Fleet half victual'd goes,
Enough to serve us till we reach our Foes,
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne're press'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night,
Th' impatient *English* scarce attend the Light.

But now the Morning, Heav'n severely clear,
To the fierce Worst Indulgent does appear;
And *Phæbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might see, and thus record the Fight:
As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast Clouds incount'ring, one another crush,

With swelling, Sails, so from their several Coasts,
Join the *Batavian* and the *Brittish* Hosts.

For a less Prize, with less Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New:

At the first shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,
Nor Heaven, nor Sea, their former face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her Visage change:

Where burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no Light shines, but that by which men die.
There *TOR* *X* appears, so prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood as ancient as the Sea,
Which down to Him so many Ages told,
Has through the veins of Mighty Monarchs roll'd
The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield.

And

And Arms had wrought, yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts and Darts, which the weak *Phrygians*
(threw

Our bolder Heroe on the Deck does stand
Expos'd the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defensive Arms laid by, as useless here,
Where Massie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do
(tear;

Some power unseen those Princes do's protect,
Who for their Countrey thus themselves neglect.

Against *Him* first *Opdam* his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late Success against the *Suedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to perish by a Princes Hand:

The tall *Batavian* in vast Ship rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow sides,
Yet not inclin'd the *English* Ship to board,
More on his Guns relies, than on his Sword,

From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,
It mis'd the Duke, but His Great Heart it
(grev'd

Three worthy Persons from His side it tore,
And dy'd His Garment with their scatter'd Gore
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thousand Lives!
On such a Theatre, as this, to die,
For such a Cause, and such a Witnes by!
Who would not thus a Sacrifice be made,
To have his Blood on such an Altar laid?

The rest about Him strook with horror stood,
To see their Leader cover'd o're with Blood;
So trembled *Jacob*, when he thought the stains
Of his Sons Coat had issued from his veins:

He feels no wound, but in his troubled
(thought
Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,

His

His Friends in pieces torn, the bitter News
Not brought by Fame, with His own Eyes He views;
His Mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour, and their
(Truth,

The joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives
To follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives.

He storms, and shoots; but flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too slow;
They miss, or sweep but common Souls away,
For such a Loss, *Opdam* his Life must pay:
Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With fierce intent that hated Ship to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is warm:

His winged Vessel like an Eagle shows,
When through the Clouds to truss a Swan she
(goes

The *Belgian* Ship unmov'd, like some huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the shock :

From both the Fleets Mens eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day,
Bullets their flight, and Guns their noise suspend,
The silent Ocean does th' event attend,
Which Leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bleis,
And give an earnest of the wars success ;
When Heav'n it self for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air ;

Their new Commander from his Charge is lost,
Which that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great Progenitors with better Fate,
And better Conduct sway'd their Infant State.

His flight tow'rds Heav'n th' aspiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder strook,
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the *British* Admiral :

From

From her Broad-sides, a ruder Flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun ;
That bears the radiant Ensign of the day,
And she the Flag that Governs in the Sea.

The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire should thus prevent
The work which for His brighter Sword he meant,
Anger still burning in His valiant breast,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the rest ;
So on the guardless Herd their Keeper slain,
Rushes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.

The *Dutch* accustom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black storms the frowns of Heav'n to see,
Never met Tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince His look appears ;
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid
Both those that Led, and those that gave them Aid ;

Where He gives on, disposing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads His Brothers Cause so well,
He shakes the Throne to which He does appeal:

The Sea with spoils His angry Bullets strow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go;
Before His Ship, fragments of Vessels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcasses are born,
And his despairing Foes to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind:
So the rude *Boreas* where he lists to blow,
Makes Clouds above, and Billows flie below,
Beating the Shore, and with a boisterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea ingage.
The *Dutch* elsewhere, did through the watry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *English* Courage growing as they fight,
In Danger, Noise, and Slaughter takes delight;

Their

Their bloody Task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by Death, or Victory :

Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn,
Like show'rs of Hail from either side are born,
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mothers bowels at their Foes,
Ingenious to their Ruine, every Age
Improves the Arts, and Instruments of Rage ;
Death hast'ning ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet Men still a thousand more invent.

But *Bacchus* now which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun ;
Brandy and Wine, their wonted Friends, at lenght
Render rhem useless, and betray their strength :

So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers,
Revive, and raise themselves with moderate show-
ers ;
But

But overcharg'd with never-ceasing Rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again:

And now our Royal Admiral, Success
With all the marks of Victory does bleis;
The burning Ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim His Triumph o're the conquer'd Main:

Nearer

Nearer to *Holland* as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, Forerunner of His Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amsterdam* :
The *British* Thunder does their Houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock ;

His dreadful Streamer like a Comets hair
Threatning Destruction, hastens their Despair,
Makes them deplore their scatter'd Fleet as lost,
And fear our present Landing on their Coast.

The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince
(behold,

As Shep a Lion leaping tow'rs their Fold ;
Those Piles which serve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak His fury to restrain :
What wonders may not *English* Valor work,
Led by th' Example of victoriouſ *T O R K* ?

Or

Or what Defence against Him can they make,
Who at such distance does their Country shake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'rethrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe:

Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the Deep,
Blaming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Those Arms which freed them from the *Spaniſh*
(yoke,

Painter, excuse me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For though you draw arm'd Heroes as they sit,
The task in Battel does the Muses fit;
They in the dark confusion of a Fight
Discover all, instruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the smoak and tumult of the Field.

Ages

Ages to come shall know that Leaders toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muses smile;
Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace
And this Relation with thy Colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, High above Them set;
Like young *Augustus* let His Image be,
Triumphing for that Victory at Sea,
Where *Egypt's* Queen, and *Eastern* Kings o'rethrown,
Made the possession of the World His own.

Last draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treasure to supply His Fleet;
They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their King's Eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Present to the Duke approve
His Valor, Conduct, and His Countries Love.

TO

TO THE
K I N G.

(stand
GREAT SIR, Disdain not in this piece to
Supreme Commander both of Sea and Land:

Those which inhabit the Celestial Bower,
Painters express with Emblems of their Pow'r;
His Club *Altides*, *Phæbus* has his Bowe,
Jove has his Thunder, and Your Navy You.

But Your Great Providence no Colours here
Can Represent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps You waking, to secure our Peace,
The Nations Glory, and our Trades increase;
You for these Ends whole days in Council sit,
And the Diversions of Your Youth forget.

Small

Small were the worth of Valor and of Force,
If Your high Wisdom govern'd not their Course;
You as the Soul, as the first Mover You
Vigor and Life on every Part bestow,
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ordnance cast,
Instruct the Artists, and reward their Haste:

So *Jove* himself, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Descends to visit *Vulcan's* smoaky Cave,
Teaching the brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder mixt with Terror, Wrath and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* discover'd Your abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that small Island they had look'd with scorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thunder born.

TO

TO A
Friend of the AUTHORS,
A Person of HONOUR:

*Supposed to
be the Lord
Berkley of
Berkley.* Who lately writ a Religious Book,
Entituled, *Historical Applications,*
and occasional Meditations upon several
Subjects.

Bold is the Man that dares ingage
For Piety, in such an Age.
Who can presume to find a Guard
From Scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardon'd, they defend
Altars on which their Lives depend:
But the Prophane impatient are
When Nobler Pens make this their care.
For why should these let in a Beam
Of Divine Light to trouble them;

And

And call in doubt their pleasing Thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High Birth and Fortune warrant give,
That such Men write what they believe:
And feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient Light.
Amongst these few our Author brings
His well-known Pedigree from Kings.
This Book, the Image of his Mind,
Will make his Name not hard to find.
I wish the Throng of *Great and Good*
Made it less eas'ly understood.

*To Mr. Henry Lawes, who had then newly
set a Song of mine in the Year 1653.*

V Erse makes Heroick Vertue live,
But you can Life to Verses give:
As when in open Air we blow,
The Breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low;

Q

But

But if a Trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last:
So in your Ayrs our Numbers drest
Make a shril sally from the Brest
Of Nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our passions to themselves commend,
While Love victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voice and Heart;
You by the help of Tune and Time,
Can make that Song which was but Rhime.
Now pleading, no man doubts the Cause,
Or questions Verses set by *LAWS*.
As a Church-window thick with Paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with Division hide
The light of Sence, may Poets pride,
But you alone may truly boast
That not a Syllable is lost;

The

The Writers and the Setter's skill
At once the ravish't Ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And Gargle in their Throats a Song.
Content themselves with *UT, RE, MI,*
Let Words and Sence be set by thee!

*Upon Her Majesties New Buildings at
Somerset-House.*

Great Queen, that does our Island blesſ,
With Princes and with Palaces;
Treated so ill, chac'd from your Throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town,
And with a brave Revenge do show,
Their Glory went and came with you.

While Peace from hence, and you were gone
Your houses in that Storm o'rethrown
Those wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you Pardon and Relieve:

Q 2

Con-

Constant to *England* in your Love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
Though by rude hands their Nests are spoil'd,
There, the next Spring again they build:

Accusing some malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War,
Your Kindness banishes your Fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this work supplies?
Can such a Pile from Ruine rise?
This like the first Creation shows,
As if at your Command it rose;

Frugality, and Bounty too,
Those differing Virtues meet in you;
From a confin'd well-manag'd Store
You both employ, and feed the Poor:

Let

Let Foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of Pride and Cost,
Of vaster Fabriques to which They
Contribute nothing, but the Pay:

This, by the Queen her self design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind;
The State and Order does proclaim
The *Genius* of that Royal Dame,
Each part with just proportion grac'd,
And all to such advantage plac'd,

That the fair view her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields
Entring, Beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high;

She needs no weary steps ascend,
All seems before her feet to bend,
And here, as She was born, She lies
High, without taking pains to rise.

*On the Picture of a fair Youth taken after
he was dead.*

AS gather'd Flowers, whilst their wounds are
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they
(new,
(grew,
Torn from the root that nourisht them, awhile,
Not taking notice of their Fate, they smile.
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt them, show
Fairer than those that to their Autumn grow;
So Love and Beauty still that Visage grace,
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place;
Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely Features, which cold death has spar'd
No wonder then——
The rest is lost.

Epigram

Epigram upon the Golden Medal.

OUR Guard upon the Royal side,
On the Reverse, Our Beauty's pride
Here we discern, the Frown and Smile,
The Force and Glory of Our Isle;
In the rich Medal both so like
Immortals stand, it seems Antique,
Carv'd by some Master, when the bold
Greeks made their ~~love~~ descend in Gold,
And *Danae* wond'ring at that show'r,
Which falling, storm'd her brazen Tow'r;
Britannia there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it self had fail'd to pass,
Vertue's a stronger Guard than Brass.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

Fair Hand that can on Virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of Ink preserve it white,
whose travel o're that Silver Field does show,
Like track of Leveretts in morning Snow ;
Love's Image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought ;
Strange that your Fingers should the Pencil foil
Without the help of Colours, or of Oil ;
For though a Painter Boughs and Leaves can
make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake,
Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove
Like Southern winds, and makes it gently move
Orpheus could make the Forest dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

T_0

To a Lady from whom he received the foregoing Copy which for many years had been lost,

NOthing lies hid from radiant Eyes,
All they subdue become their Spies:

Secrets, as choicest Jewels are
Presented to oblige the Fair,
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where Souls are caught.

The Picture of fair *Venus*, That,
For which, men say, The Goddess late,
Was lost, till *Lilly* from your Look,
Again that Glorious Image took;

If Vertue's self were lost, we might
From your fair Mind new Copies write:
All things, but one, you can restore,
The Heart you get returns no more.

The

*The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in
the dark.*

Darkness, which fairest Nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira*'s Charms;

Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no advantage of the Eye,
Quit all that *Lilly*'s Art can take,
And yet a thousand Captives make;

Her Speech is grac't with sweeter Sound,
Than in another's Song is found,
And all her well-plac'd words are Darts,
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.

As the bright Stars and milky way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by day;
So we in that accomplisht Mind,
Help by the Night, new Graces find,

Which

Which by the splendor of her view
Dazled before we never knew ;
While we converse with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark ;
Her shining Image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers Night ;
Like Jewels to advantage set,
Her Beauty by the shade does get ;
There, Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain,
All, that our passion might restrain
Is hid, and our Indulgent mind
Presents the fair *Idea* kind.

Yet friended by the Night, we dare,
Only in whispers, tell our Care ;
He that on her his bold hand lays
With *Cupid's* pointed Arrows plays,
They, with a touch, they are so keen,
Wound us unshot, and She unseen ;

All

All near approaches threaten Death,
We may be shipwrackt by her Breath.
Lone favour'd once, with that sweet Gale,
Doubles his Haste, and fills his Sail,
Till he arrive, where she must prove
The Haven, or the Rock of Love;

So we th' *Arabian* Coast do know,
At distance, when the Spices blow,
By the rich Odour taught to steer,
Though neither Day, nor Stars appear.

Of English Verse.

POETS may boast [as safely-Vain]
Their work shall with the world remain :
Both bound together, live, or die,
The Verses and the Prophecy. •

But

But who can hope his Lines should long
Last in a daily-changing Tongue?
While they are new, Envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails.

When Architects have done their part,
The Matter may betray their Art;
Time, if we use ill-chosen Stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Poets that lasting Marble seek,
Must carve in *Latin* or in *Greek*;
We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like our Tide our o'reflows.

Chaucer his Sense can only boast,
The glory of his Numbers lost,
Years have defac'd his matchless strain;
And yet he did not sing in vain;

The

The Beauties which adorn'd that Age,
The shining Subjects of his Rage,
Hoping they should Immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his Love.

This was the generous Poet's scope,
And all an *English* Pen can hope
To make the Fair approve his Flame.
Than can so far extend their Fame.

Verse thus design'd has no ill Fate,
If it arrive but at the Date
Of fading Beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present Love:

*Sung by Mrs. Knight, to Her Majesty
on Her Birth-day.*

THis happy day two Lights are seen,
A glorious Saint, a Matchless Queen;
Both

Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear,
The Saint above, the *Infanta* here :
May all those years which *Catharine*
The Martyr did for Heav'n resign,
Be added to the Line
Of Your blest Life amongst us here.
For all the pains that She did feel,
And all the Torments of Her Wheel :
May You as many Pleasures share ;
May Heaven it self content
With *Catherine* the Saint.
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may You,
With Eyes as bright as now
This welcome Day behold.

To

*To his Worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgons
upon his Translation of the
Venetian Triumph.*

THE winged Lion's not so fierce in Fight
As *Liberi*'s hand presents him to our Sight,
Nor would his Pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud as *Buſinello*'s Verse:
But your Translation does all three excell,
The Fight, the Piece, and lofty *Buſinel*:
As their small Gallies may not hold compare
With our tall Ships, whose Sails employ more Air;
So does th' *Italian* to your *Genius* vaile,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler Gale:
Thus while your Muse spreads the *Venetian* story,
You make all *Europe* emulate her Glory:
You make them blush, weak *Venice* should defend
The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend,

Shed

Shed Christian Blood, and populous Cities raze,
Because the'ye taught to use some different Phraze.
If list'ning to your Charms we could our Jars
Compose, and on the *Turk* discharge these Wars;
Our *British* Arms the sacred Tomb might wrest
From *Pagan* hands, and Triumph o're the East:
And then you might our own high Deeds recite,
And with great *Tasso* celebrate the Fight.

Epitaph.

Here lies *Charles Candish*: let the Marble Stone
That hides his Ashes, make his Virtue
(known:
Beauty and Valor did his short Life grace,
The grief and Glory of his Noble Race:
Early abroad he did the World survey,
As if He knew he had not long to stay;

R

Saw

Saw what Great *Alexander* in the East,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the West;
Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occasion for his Fame;
Where dark Confusion did the Nations hide,
And where the Juster was the weaker side.
Two Loyal Brothers took their Sovereign's part,
Employ'd their Wealth, their Courage, and their Art;
The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
The Younger brought his Conduct and his Sword;
Born to command, a Leader he begon,
And on the Rebels lasting Honour won:
The Horse instructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North;
Where *Candish* fought, the Royalists prevail'd,
Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd;
The Current of his victories found no stop,
Till *Cromwel* came, his Parties chiefest prop;

Equal

Equal success had set these Champions high,
And both resolved to Conquer, or to Die:
Vertue with Rage, Fury with Valor strove;
But that must fall which is decreed Above.
Cromwel, with odds of Number, and of Fate,
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;
Which the said Issue of the War declar'd,
And made his Task to ruine both less hard:
So when the Bank neglected is o'rethrown,
The boundless Torrent doth the Countrey drown.
Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave,
Strow Bays and Flowers on his honoured Grave.

*Of Her Royal Highness Mother to the Prince
of Orange, and of Her Portraick writ-
ten by the late Duchess of York
while She lived with Her.*

Heroick Nymph, in Tempests the support,
In piece the Glory of the British Court,
Into whose Arms the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or Sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your Bounty hear,
Will think you Mistriss of the *Indies* were :
Thô streighter Bounds your Fortune did confine,
In your large Heart was found a wealthy Mine ;
Like the bles't Oil, the Widow's lasting Feast,
Your Treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas't.
While some your Beauty, some your Bounty sing,
Your native Isle do's with your Praises sing :

But

But above all, a Nymph of your own Train,
Gives us your Character, in such a strain,
As none but She, who in that Court did dwell,
Could know such Worth, or Worth describe so well;
So while we Mortals here at Heav'n do guess,
And more our Weakness than the Place express;
Some Angel, a Domestick there, comes down,
And tells the Wonders he hath seen and known.

*To the Duchess of Orleans, when She was
taking Leave of the Court at Dover.*

Thrice happy *Britain*! If she could retain
Whom she first had within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt *London* in Apparel new
Shook off her Ashes to have treated you ;
But we must see our Glory snatch away,
And with warm Tears increase the guilty Sea :
No wind can favour us ; how e're it blows,
We must be wreckt, and our dear Treasure lose.
Sighs will not let us half our Sorrows tell ;
Fair, Lovely, Great, and best of Nymphs, Farewell.

*Written on a Card that Her Majesty
tore at Ombra.*

THE Cards you rare in Value rise,
So do the Wounded by your Eyes :
Who to Celestial things aspire
Are by that Passion rais'd the higher,

70

*To the Dutchess, when he presented this Book
To Her Royal Highness.*

Madam,
I Here present you with the Rage,
And with the Beauties of a former Age;
Wishing you may with as great Pleasure view
This, as we take in Gazing upon you :
Thus we writ then, your brighter Eyes inspire,
A nobler Flame, and raise our Genius higher :
While we your wit and early Knowledge fear,
To our Productions we become severe ;
Your matchless Beauty gives our Fancy wing ;
Your Judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd, like Marble, shall like Marble last ;
And make you through as many Ages shine,
As *Tasso* has the Heroes of your Line :

Thô other Names our wary Writers use,
 You are the Subject of the *British* Muse,
 Dilating Mischief to your self unknown,
 Men write, and die, of Wounds they dare not own;
 So the bright Sun burns all our Grafts away,
 While it means nothing but to give us Day.

*These Verses were writ in the Tasso of
 Her Royal Highness.*

Tasso knew how the fairer Sex to Grace,
 But in no One, durst all Perfection place;
 In her alone, that owns this Book, is seen,
 Clorinda's Spirit, and her lofty Meen.
 Sophronia's Piety, Erminia's Truth,
 Armida's Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth.
 Our Princess here, as in a Glass, do's dress
 Her well-taught Mind, and every Grace express;
 More to our Wonder, than Rinaldo fought,
 The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

Upon

Upon our Late Loss of the Duke of Cambridge.

THE failing Blossoms which a young Plant
 Ingage our Hope for the succeeding Years:
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings
At the first Tryal to accomplish things.
Mankind was first created an Essay,
That ruder draft the Deluge washt away:
How many Ages past, what Blood and Toil
Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle?
How long in vain had Nature striv'd to frame
A perfect Prince! e're her Highness came?
For Joys so great we must with patience wait,
'Tis the set price of Happiness complete.
As a First fruit Heaven claim'd that lovely Boy,
The Next shall live, and be the Nation's Joy.

Trans.

Translated out of Spanish.

Thô we may seem importunate,
While your Compassion we implore;
They whom you make too Fortunate,
May with Presumption vex you mote.

Of the Lady Mary, &c.

As once the Lion Honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetnes came;
A Royal Hero no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely Dame:
To her the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes
Could so well free, himself does yield:

Not

Not *Belgia's* Fleet (his high Command)

Which Triumphs where the Sun does rise,

Nor all the Force he leads by Land,

Could guard him from her conquering Eyes.

Orange with Youth, Experience has?

In Action young, in Council old:

Orange is what *Augustus* was,

Brave, Wary, Provident, and Bold:

On that fair Tree, which bears his Name,

Blossoms and Fruit at once are found;

In him we all admire the same,

His flow'ry Youth with wisdom Crown'd.

Empire and Freedom Reconcil'd,

In *Holland* are by Great *Nassau*;

Like those he sprung from, Just and Mild,

To willing People he gives Law.

Thrice Happy Pair! so Near Ally'd,

In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;

Now

Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this Triple knot undo.
The Church shall be the happy place,
Where streams which from the same source run,
Thô divers Lands awhile they grace,
Unite again and are made one.
A thousand thanks the Nation ows
To him that does protect us all;
For while he thus his Neece bestoys,
About our Isle he builds a Wall;
A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
By th' Oracles advice; of Wood:
Had theirs been such as *Charles* has made,
That mighty State till now had stood.

*To the Servant of a Fair Lady. This Copy of
Verses being omitted in the former Edition.*

Fair Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear
Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
Than the bright Dames we serve; for her Relief
(Vext with the long expressions of my Grief)
Receive these Plants; nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her Train:
Thy skilful hand contributes to our Woe,
And whets those Arrows which confound us so.
A thousand Cupids in those Curls do sit,
Those curious Nets thy slender Fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of *Venus*, when the Ball she won,
Than that young Beauty by thy care is drest,
When all our Youth prefers her to the rest.

You

You the soft Season know, when best her Mind
May be to Pity or to Love inclin'd;
In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless Love durst never tempt the Ear
Of that stern Goddess: you (her Priest) declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair,
Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that n're decay,
Or polish'd Lines which longer last than they:
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the chearful Morn do's first disclose;
(The shady Night removing with her Beams)
Wing'd with bold Love, I'de flie to fetch such gems
But since her Eyes, her Teeth, her Lip excels,
All that is found in Mines or Fishes shells;
Her Nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but Immortol gifts her Mind should please:
The shining Jewels *Greece*, and *Troy* bestow'd
On *Spartan's Queen*, her lovely Neck died lode;

Ansf

And snowy Wrists; but when the Town was burn'd,
Those fading Glories were to Ashes turn'd;
Her Beauty too had perish'd, and her Fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

*Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation
of Horace De Arte Poetica : And
of the Use of Poetry.*

Rome was not better by her *Horace* taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his
(thought;
The Poet writ to Noble *Piso* there,
A Noble *Piso* do's instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing Style,
And with rich Precepts do's oblige our Isle;
Britain, whose *Genius* is in Verse exprest
Bold and Sublime, but negligently drest.

Horace will our superfluous Branches prune,
Give us new Rules, and set our Harp in tune;

Direct

Direct us how to back the winged Horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Thô Poets may of Inspiration boast ;
Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his Fancy and his Judgment shows.

Chaste mortal writing we may learn from hence ;
Neglect of which no Wit can recompence :
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That sacred stream should never water weeds ;
Nor make the Crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted Nature sow,

Well sounding Verses are the Charm we use,
Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue to infuse ;
Things of deep fence we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more, in lofty Numbers told ;
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that found, as well as fence, perswades.

The

The Muses Friend unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that Err;
But where a brave, a publick Action shines,
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines.
Whether it be in Council or in Fight;
His Countries Honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great Acts he scatters, as a seed,
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed.

Here taught the fate of Verses, always priz'd
With admiration; or as much despis'd;
Men will be less indulgent to their Faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts:
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
Finding new Words, that to the Ravisht Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear;
Such as of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolisht Men their wild Retreats forsake;

Law giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
And raising Cities with their charming Lutes:
For rudest minds with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muses taught.
So wandring Bees would perish in the Air,
Did not a sound proportion'd to their Ear
Appease their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the Flowers, and to forbear the Spoil;
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summers Toil,
They give us Food, which may with Nectar vie,
And Wax, that do's the absent Sun supply.

Epitaph on Sir George Speke.

Under this Stone lies Vertue, Youth,
Unblemisht Probity and Truth:
Just unto all Relations known,
A worthy Patriot, Pious Son.
Whom

Whom Neighbouring Towns so often sent
To give their Sence in Parliament;
With Lives and Fortunes trusting one,
Who so discreetly us'd his own,
Sober he was, Wise, Temperate;
Contented with an Old Estate,
Which no foul Avarice did increase,
Nor wanton Luxury make less.

While yer but Young, his Father dy'd,
And left him to an happy Guide:
Not *Lemuel's* Mother with more care
Did counsel or instruct her Heir;
Or teach with more success her Son
The Vices of the Time to shun.

An Heire's she, while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he just Gratitude did shew
To one that had oblig'd him so;

Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred and taught:—
 So early made that path to tread,
 Which did his Youth to Honour lead.

His short Life did a Pattern give,
 How Neighbors, Husbands, Friends should live.

The Vertues of a private Life
 Exceed the glorious Noise and Strife
 Of Battels won: in those we find
 The solid Interest of Mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Tho' Young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

Of Her Majesty on New-years Day 1683.

What Revolutions in the World have been,
 How are we changed, since we first saw the
 (Queen?)
 She, like the Sun, do's still the same appear,
 Bright as She was at her Arrival here:

Time

Time has Commission Mortals to impair,

But things Celestial is obliged to spare.

May every thing you find her still the same,

In Health and Beauty as She hither came;

When Lords and Commons with united Voice,

Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the Royal Choice,

First of our Queens, whom not the King alone,

But the whole Nation lifted to the Throne.

With like Consent, and like Desert was crown'd

The Glorious Prince, that do's the Turk confound.

Victorious both; his Conduct wins the day,

And her Example chases Vice away,

Thô louder Fame attend the Martial Rage,

'Tis greater Glory to Reform the Age.

A Presage of the Ruine of the Turkish Empire, Presented to His Majesty on His Birth-Day.

Since **JAMES** the Second grac'd the British
 Truce well observ'd has been infring'd by none,
 Christians to him their present Union ow,
 And late Success against the Common Foe;
 While Neighb'ring Princes, loath to urge their
 COURS his Assistance, and suspend their Hate,
 So angry Bulls the Combat do forbear,
 When from the Wood a Lyon do's appear.

This happy day Peace to our Island sent,
 As now he gives it to the Continent.
 A Prince more fit for such a Glorious task
 Than *England's* King, from Heaven we cannot ask;

He Great and Good, proportion'd to the Work,
Their ill-drawn Swords shall turn against the *Turk*.

Such Kings, like Stars, with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with *Aspett* propitious to Mankind ;
Favour the innocent, repress the Bold,
And while they flourish, make an Age of Gold.

Bred in the Camp, fam'd for his Valor young
At Sea successful vigorous and strong ;
His Fleet, His Army, and His mighty Mind
Esteem and Rev'rence through the World do find :
A Prince with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a Peace ;
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most Ambitious will forget their Pride ;
They that complain, will their endeavors cease,
Advis'd by Him incline to present Peace ;
Join to the *Turks* destruction, and then bring
All their Pretences to so just a King.

If the successful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, so great Applause do find;
Shall the next World less Honour yield to those
That stop their Progress, and their Rage oppose?
Next to that Pow'r, which do's the Ocean aw,
Is to set Bounds, and give Ambition Law.

The British Monarch shall the Glory have,
That famous *Greece* remains no longer Slave;
That source of Art and cultivated Thought,
Which they to *Rome*, and *Romans* hither brought.

The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to *Greece* return:
Thô Slaves, (like Birds that sing not in a Cage)
They lost their Genius and Poetick Rage;
Homers again, and *Pindars* may be found,
And his great Actions with their numbers crown'd.

The

The Turk's vast Empire do's united stand ;
Christians divided under the Command
Of jarring Princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this Hero make their Ing'rest one ;
Peace to embrace, quine the Common Foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Croissant low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising Sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun ;
And this great day, so justly honour'd here,
Known to the East, and celebrated there.

Hac Ego longavus cegini tibi maxime Regnum :
Ausus & ipse manus juvenum remare laborum.
Virgil.

O. F. N.

Divine Love.

6. CANTO'S.

1. Asserting the Authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.
2. The Preference and Love of God to Man in the Creation.
3. The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.
4. How necessary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it self.
5. Shewing how happy the World would be if this Love were universally embrac'd.
6. Of preserving this Love in our memory, and how useful the Contemplation thereof is.

CANTO,

C A N T O I.

THe Grecian Muse has all their Gods survy'd.

Nor *Jove* at us, nor *Phabus* is arriv'd;

Frail Deities, which first the Poets made,

And then invok'd, to give their Fancies aid!

Yet if they still divert us with their Rage?

What may be hop'd for in a better Age?

When not from *Helicon's* imagin'd Spring,

But sacred Writ, we borrow what we Sing:

This with the Fabrick of the World begun,

Elder than Light, and shall out-last the Sun.

Before this Oracle (like *Dagon*) all

The false Pretenders, *Delphos*, *Hammon*, fall;

Long since despis'd, and silent they afford

Honour and Triumph to the Eternal Word,

As

As late Philosophy our Globe has grac'd,
 And rowling Earth among the Planets plac'd;
 So has this Book i. stl'd unto Heav'n,
 And Rules to guide us to that Mansion giv'n:
 Tells the conditions, how our Peace was made,
 And is our Pledge for the great Author's aid.
 His power in Nature's ample Book we find;
 But the less Volume do's express his mind.
 This Light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
 That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought
 But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
 As Fortune do's, or humane Wisdom, guide.
 Religion thus remov'd, the sacred Yoke
 And Band of all Society is broke:
 What use of Oaths, of Promise, or of Test,
 Where Men regard no God but Interest?
 What endless War would jealous Nations rear,
 If none above did witness what they swear?

Sad Fate of Unbelievers, (and yet just),
Among themselves to find so little trust! and not
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame. and not
To know our Thoughts, the Object of his Eyes,
Is the first step upwards being good, or wise ;
For thô with Judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect :
Slaves to their Passion, Reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy ;
His fear, to guard us from our selves, we need,
And sacred Writ our Reason do's exceed.

For thô Heaven shows the Glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more Glorious in his Word ;
His mercy this (which all his work excels)
His tender kindness, and compassion tells :
While we inform'd by that Celestial Book,
Into the Bowels of our Maker look.

Love

Love there reveal'd, which never shall have end;
Nor had beginning, shall our Song commend;
Describe it self, and warm us with that flame,
Which first from Heav'n, to make us Happy, came

CANTO II.

THE fear of Hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private Interest;
This mov'd not *Moses*, nor the zealous *Paul*,
Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all:
A greater yet, from Heav'n to Hell descends,
To save, and make his Enemies his Friends,
What line of Praise can fathom such a Love,
Which reacht the lowest bottom from above?
The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace
From Heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space,
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought,
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote;

Heav'n was scarce heard of until he came down
To make the Region, where Love triumphs, known.

That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did persuade:

For Love it was, that first created Light,
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude *Chaos*, and bestow'd new Grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
Some to rest here, and some to shine above:
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love.
And Love would be return'd; but there was none
That to themselves, or others yet were known:
The World a Palace was, without a Guest,
Till one appears, that must excel the rest;
One, like the Author, whose Capacious mind
Might by the Glorious Work, the Maker find;
Might measure Heaven, and giye each Star a name,
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame;

Over

Over the Globe, with swelling Sails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his experience know;
Make strongest Beasts obedient to his Will,
And serve his use the fertile Earth to Till.
When by his word, God had accomplisht all,
Man to Create, he did a Council call;
Employ'd his Hand, to give the Dust he took
A graceful Figure, and Majestick Look;
With his own Breath, convey'd into his Breast
Life and a Soul fit to command the rest,
Worthy alone to Celebrate his Name
For such a Gift, and tell from whence it came:
Birds sing his Praises, in a wilder Note,
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought
Man's great Prerogative. But above all
His Grace abounds, in his new Favorites fall.
• If he Create, it is a World he makes;
If he be ang'ry, the Creation shakes.

From

From his just wrath our guilty Parents fled;
He curst the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpent's head
Amidst the Storm, his Bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgins seed;
Thô Justice death as satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

CANTO III.

NO T willing Terror should his Image move,
He gives a Pattern of Eternal Love;
His Son descends, to treat a Peace with those,
Which were, and must have ever been his Foes;
Poor he became, and left his Glorious Seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great;
His business here was happiness to give
To those, whose Malice could not let him live;
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
For us resolv'd to perish, he refus'd;

A

While

While they stood ready to prevent his Loss,
 Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Cross.
 Immortal Love ! which in his Bowels reign'd,
 That we might be by such Love constrain'd
 To make return of Love; upon this Pole
 Our Duty does, and our Religion rowle.
 To Love is to believe, to hope, to know,
 'Tis an Essay, a taste of Heaven below.

He to proud Potentates would not be known,
 Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
 Till Love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
 But Smoke will vanish, when that Flame breaks out
 This is the Fire, that would consume our Dross,
 Refine, and make us richer by the Loss.

Could we forbear Dispute, and practise Love,
 We should agree, as Angels do above.
 Where Love presides, not Vice alone does find
 No Entrance there, but Vertues stay behind :

Both

Both Faith and Hope, and all the meanner train
Of moral Vertues, at the door remain;
Love only enters, as a Native there,
For born in Heav'n, it do's but sojourn here.
He that alone, wou'd wise and mighty be,
Commands that others Love, as well as he:
Love as he Lov'd, how can we soar so high?
He can add wings, when he commands to flie:
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd,
He that examples gives, will give his Aid;
For he took flesh, that where his Precepts fail,
His Practise as a Pattern may prevail;
His Love at once, and Dread instructs our thought,
As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught;
Will for the Deed he takes, we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we Love, we please;
Weak thô we are, to Love is no hard task,
And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n do's ask:

T 2

Love.

Love, that would all Men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

"Tis with our Minds, as with a fertile ground ;
Wanting this Love, they must with Weeds abound ;
Unruly Passions, whose effects are worse,
Than Thorns and Thistles springing from the curse.

C A N T O IV.

TO Glory Man, or Misery is born,
Of his proud Foe the Envy or the Scorn ;
Wretched he is, or happy in Extreme,
Base in himself, but great in Heav'ns esteem ;
With Love, of all created things, the best,
Without it more pernicious than the rest.

For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o're ;
Mans boundless Avarice his want exceeds,
And on his Neighbors, round about him, feeds ;

His

His Pride, and vain Ambition are so vast,
That Deluge like, they lay whole Nations waste;
Debauches and Excess, thô with less noise,
As great a portion of Mankind destroys.

The Beasts and Monsters, *Hercules* opprest,
Might in that Age, some Provinces infest;
These more destructive Monsters, are the Bane
Of every Age, and in all Nations reign;
But soon would vanish, if the World were blest
With Sacred Love, by which they are represt.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with Mortals dwell;
And a vext Conscience mingling with their Joy
Thoughts of Despair, do's their whole Life annoy;
But Love appearing, all those Terrors flee,
We live contented, and contented die;
They in whose breast, this sacred Love has place,
Death as a passage to their Joy embrace.

Clouds and thick Vapors which obscure the day,
The Suns victorious Beams may chase away;
Those which our Life corrupt, and darken, Love,
The Nobler Star, must from the Soul remove:
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year,
This brighter Sun moves in a boundless Sphere;
Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
Shines among Angels, and admits no Night.

CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age, so fraudulent and bold,
Toucht with this Love, would be an Age of (Gold;
Not as they feign'd, that Oaks should Honey drop,
Or Land neglected bear an unsown Crop:
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap,
None for himself, would either sow, or reap:
Our ready Help, and mutual Love would yield
A nobler Harvest, than the richest Field.

Famine

Famine and Dearth, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are, by barrenness of Hearts;
Some pine for want, where others surfeit now,
But when we should the use of Plenty know:
Love would betwixt the Rich and Needy stand,
And spread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand;
At once the Givers, and Receivers bleſſ,
Encrease their Joy, and make their Sufferings less,
Who for himself no Miracle would make,
Dispens'd with for the Peoples sake;
He that long Fasting would no wonder show,
Made Loaves and Fishes, as they eat them, grow.
Of all his Power, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none, but to express his Love;
And such a Love would make our Joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed,
Laws would be useleſs which rude Nature awe'
Love changing Nature, would prevent the Law;

Tygers, and Lyons, into Dens we thrust,
But milder Creatures with their freedom trust,
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouse,
No force but Love, nor Bond, but Bounty, knows:
Men, whom we now, so fierce and dang'rous see
Would Guardian Angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty Love perform,
Vultures to Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love, what *Isaiah* prophecy'd, can do,
Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the Dejected raise, (ways
Smooth, and make strait, our rough and crooked
Love, strong as Death, and like it, levels all;
With that possest, the great in Title fall,
Themselves esteem, but equal to the least,
Whom Heav'n with that high Character has blest.

This Love, the Centre of our Union, can
Alone bestow complete Repose on Man;

Tame

Tame his wild Appetite, make inward Peace,
And Foreign strife among the Nations cease:
No Martial Trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor Princes Arm, thô to subdue the East;
Where for the Tomb, so many Hero's, taught
By those that guided their Devotion, fought.

Thrice Happy we, could we like Ardor have
To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!
Love as he Lov'd, a Love so unconfin'd
With Arms extended would embrace Mankind,
Self-Love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold, as many Selfs, as Men;
All of one Family, in Blood ally'd,
His precious Blood, that for our Ransom dy'd.

C A N T O VI.

Thô the Creation, so divinely taught,
Prints such a lively Image in our thought,
That

That the first spark of new Created light
From *Chaos* struck, affects our present sight:

Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of Rising, than the day of Rest;
That ev'ry week might new occasion give,
To make his Triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a Sacred Charm
To keep his Blood, among us, ever warm;
And singing, as the Blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of Love.

But on so vast a Subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' Idea's of his mind?
Our Language fails, or if it could supply,
What Mortal Thought can raise it self so high?

Despairing here, we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our heart;
But though we find this Sacred Task too hard,
Yet the Design, th' endeavor brings Reward;

The

The Contemplation does suspend our Woe,
And make a Truce with all the Ills we know.

As *Saul's* afflicted Spirit, from the sound
Of *David's* Harp, a present Solace found;
So on this Theam while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt, of Fortune: or of Age:
On Divine Love to mediate is Peace,
And makes ~~all~~ care of meaner things to cease,
Amaz'd at once, and comforted to find
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind;
The Soul contending to that Light to flie
From her dark Cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the Poet's winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our heart.

Joy so complete, so solid and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner Pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as Stars that must be gone,
When from the *East* the Rising Sun comes on.

*Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Sic nos Scripturae depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea perpetua semper dignissima vitâ.
Nam Divinus Amor, cum cœpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt Animi Terrores: —————— Lucr.*

*Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non Fama petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.
Namque ubi mota calent Sacra mea Pectora Musa,
Altior humano Spiritus ille malo est.*

De Trist.

OF

Divine Poesie,

TWO CANTO'S,

*Occasioned upon sight of the 53d Chapter of Isaiah,
turn'd into Verse by Mrs. Wharton.*

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their Verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The Secret, which this Oracle does show.

What

What was come to *Isaiah* did declare,
Which she describes, as if she had been there;
Had seen the Wounds, which to the Reader's view;
She draws so lively, that they Bleed anew.

As Ivy thrives, which on the Oak takes hold,
So with the Prophets may her lines grow old;
If they should die, who can the World forgive?
Such pious Lines! when wanton *Sapho*'s live.
Who with his Breath his Image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a Nobler fire:
Not Love which Brutes as well as Men may know;
But Love like his, to whom that Breath we owe:
Verse so design'd, on that high Subject wrote,
Is the Perfection of an ardent Thought:
The Smoke which we from burning Incense raise,
When we complete the Sacrifice of Praise.
In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high,
For any Object, but the Deity.

What

What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to flaire
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?
A meaner Subject when with these we grace,
A Giants habit on a Dwarf we place.

Sacred should be the Product of our Muse,
Like that sweet Oil, above all private use:
On pain of Death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the Altar laid.

Verse shows a rich inestimable Vein,
When dropt from Heav'n, 'tis thither sent again.

Of Bounty 'tis that he admits our Praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it raise.
For as that Angel up to Heav'n did rise,
Born on the Flame of *Manoah's* Sacrifice:
So wing'd with Praise, we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole Creation, by our Fall made groan,
His Praise to Echo, and suspend their Moan.

For

For that he Reigns, all Creatures should rejoice,
And we with Songs supply their want of voice.
The Church Triumphant, and the Church below
In Songs of Praise their present Union show:
Their Joys are full, our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.
Angels, and we, assisted by this Art,
May sing together, thô we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer Poems must
No higher rise, than Winds may lift the Dust.
From that they spring; this from his breath that
(gave)
To the first Dust, th' Immortal Soul we have:
His Praise well sung, our great endeavor here,
Shakes off the Dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE that did first this way of Writing grace,
Converst with the Almighty face to face.

Wonders he did in Sacred Verse unfold,
When he had more than Eighty Winters told:
The Writer feels no dire effects of Age,
Nor Verse that flows from so Divine a Rago.

Eldest of Poets, he beheld the Light,
When first it triumph'd 'ore eternal Night;
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that Confusion into Order fell:
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The Work of the Creator and his Rest.
How the flood drown'd the first offending Race;
Which might the Figure of our Globe deface:

For new made Earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the Air:
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold
Early distempers make our Youth look old:
Our Days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruines of that World we dwell.

Strong as the Oaks that nourish't them, and high,
That long-liv'd Race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n: but we of shorter date,
Should be more mindful of impendant Fate.
To worms that crawl upon this Rubbish here,
This Span of Life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a Noble Seat.
Which well observing, he in Numerous Lines,
Taught wretched Man, how fast his Life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the World was made,
And may again retire, when that shall fade.

The

The lasting Hiads have not liv'd so long,
As his and *Deborah's* triumphant Song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire;
But that which governs the Cœlestial Quire,
Heav'n to the Pidus did this Art reveal;
And from their store succeeding Poets steal.

Homer's Scamander for the *Trojans* faught,
And swell'd so high, by her old *Kishbon* taught.
His River scarce could fierce *Achilles* stay;
Hers more successful, swept her Foes away.
The Host of Heav'n, his *Phæbus* and his *Mars*,
He Arms, instructed by her fighting Stars.
She led them all against the Common Foe:
But he misled by what he saw below,
The Powers above, like wretched Men, divides,
And breaks their Union into different sides.
Nobles parts which in his Hero's shine,
May be but copies of that Heroine,

V 2

Homer

Homer himselfe, and Agamemnon, she
The Writer could, and the commander, be.

Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain
Than all the Tales the boldest Greek could feign:
For what she sung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage, and success in fight.
A double Garland crowns the matchless Dame;
From Heav'n her Poem, and her Conquest came.

Thô of the Jews she merit most esteem:
Yet here the Christian has the greater Theme.
Her martial Song describes how Sisera fell,
This sings our Triumph over Death and Hell.

The rising Light employ'd the sacred Breath:
Of the blest Virgin Elizabeth
In Songs of Joy; the Angels sung his Birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the Earth
Trembling we read; th' Affliction and the Scorn,
Which for our Guilt, so patiently was born.

Con-

Conception, Birth, and Suffering, all belong
Thô various Parts, to one Cœlestial Song:
And She, well using so divine an Art,
Has in this Consort, sung the Tragick part.

As *Hannah's Seed* was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this Lady consecrates her Muse.
With like Reward may Heav'n her Bed adorn,
With Fruit as fair as by her Muse is born,

Of the Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer
 Written by Mrs. Wharton.

Silence, you Winds, listen Eterial Lights,
 While our *Urania* sings what Heav'n indites;
 The numbers are the Nymphs, but from above
 Descends the Pledge of that Eternal Love.

Here wretched Mortals have not leave alone,
 But are instructed to approach his Throne;
 And how can he to miserable Men
 Deny Requests, which his own Hand did Pen?

In the Evangelists we find the Prose,
 Which Paraphras'd by her a Poem grows;
 A devout Rapture, so divine a Hymn,
 It may become the highest Seraphim;
 For they like her in that Cælestial Quire,
 Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.

Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
 For all, but pardou for Offences, pray.

Some

*Some Reflections of his upon the several
Petitions in the same Prayer.*

I. **H**Is Sacred Name, with reverence profound,

Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound:

It was *Jehovah*, 'tis our Father now,

So low to us, does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow:

Psal. 18. 9.

He brought it down, that taught us how to pray,

And did so dearly for our Ransom pay.

II. *His Kingdom come*: For this we pray in vain'

Unless he does in our affections raign:

Absurd it were to wish for such a King,

And not Obedience to his Scepter bring;

Whose Yoke is easy, and his Burthen light,

His Service Freedom, and his Judgments right.

III. *His will be done; In Fact 'tis always done,*
 But as in Heav'n, it must be made our own:
 His Will should all our Inclination sway,
 Whom Nature and the Universe obey.
 Happy the Man, whose wishes are confin'd
 To what has been Eternally design'd;
 Referring all to his Paternal care,
 To whom more dear, than to our selves we are.

IV. It is not what our Avarice hoards up;
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our Cup:
 Like new-born Babes, depending on the Breast,
 From day to day we on his Bounty Feast.
 Nor should the Soul expect above a day
 To dwell in her frail Tenement of Clay:
 The setting Sun should seem to bound our Race,
 And the new day a gift of special Grace.

V. *That he should all our Trespasses forgive,*
 While we in hatred with our Neighbours live;

Thoughts

Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse our selves when thus inclin'd we ask:
This Prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our Souls as to the Sacrament prepare.
The Noblest Worship of the Power above,
Is to extoll, and imitate his Love:
Not to Forgive our Enemies alone,
But use our Bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all Temptations of the Foe,*
And those we may in several stations know:
The Rich and Poor in slippery places stand:
Give us enough, but with a sparing Hand:
Not ill-persuading Want, nor wanton Wealth:
But what proportion'd is to Life and Health.
For not the Dead; but Living sing thy Praise,
Exalt thy Kingdom, and thy Glory raise.

Favete Linguis

*Virginibus Puerisq; Canto, Horat.**Of*

Of the last Verses in the Book.

VHEN we for Age could neither read nor write,
 The Subject made us able to indite,
 The Soul with Noblet Resolutions deckt,
 The Body stooping, does Her self erect :
 No Mortal Parts are requisite to raise
 Her, that Unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o're ;
 So calm are we, when Passions are no more :
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting Things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes
 Conceal that emptiness, which Age descries

The

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Let's in new Light thrô chinks that time has made
 Stronger by weakness, wiser Men become
 As they draw near to their Eternal home :
 Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view
 That stand upon the Threshold of the New.

Miratur Limen Olympi.

Virgil.

The End of the First Part.

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THE

THE
MAID'S TRAGEDY
ALTERED.

With some other
PIECES.

By EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

Not before Printed in the several
Editions of his POEMS.

LONDON,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head
in Chancery Lane, near Fleet-street. 1690.

СИДАТЬ СДЕЛАЛ
А ТАК ТАК

ЗДЕСЬ

СИДАТЬ СДЕЛАЛ

СИДАТЬ СДЕЛАЛ

СИДАТЬ СДЕЛАЛ

СИДАТЬ СДЕЛАЛ

MOST of the following Pieces, being
unfinish'd, were never intended to be
publish'd ; but that a Person, who
had borrowed a Manuscript Copy of them, took
upon him to print them. The Copy from which
they were printed, was very Imperfect ; and
there being noe means left to suppress them, it was
thought fit to suffer them to be more correctly
printed from the last and truest Copies.

THE

21 of the following year, giving
a full account of the
meeting, and the
proceedings.

THE
MAIDS TRAGEDY,
ALTER'D BY
Mr. *W A L L E R.*

THE
GARDEN
OF EDEN

P
S
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In

PROLOGUE.

Scarce should we have the boldness to pretend
 So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend :
 Had not already some deserv'd your praise
 With like attempt. Of all our elder Plays,
 This and Philaster have the lowdest fame :
 Great are their Faults, and glorious is their Flame.
 In both our English Genius is express'd ;
 Lofty and bold, but negligently drest.

Above our Neighbours our Conceptions are :
 But faultless Writing is the effect of Care.
 Our Lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste ;
 Polish'd like Marble, would like Marble last.
 But as the present, so the last Age writ ;
 In both we find like negligence and wit.

4 The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.

Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts :
Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage
Would honour this, than did the Græcan Stage.

Thus says our Author, not content to see
That Others write as carelessly as He.

Tho he pretends not to make things compleat ;
Yet to please You, he'd have the Poets sweat.

In this old Play, what's new we have exprest
In rhyming Verse, distinguish'd from the rest :
That, as the Roan ~~his~~ hasty way does make,
Not mingling Waters, thro Geneva's Lake :

So having here the different stiles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.

If we less rudely shall the Knot untie,
Soften the rigour of the Tragedy :
And yet preserve each persons character :
Then to the Other, This you may prefer.

Tis

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 5

*Tis left to you : the Boxes and the Pit,
Are soveraign Judges of this sort of Wit.
In other things the knowing Artist may
Judge better than the people : but a Play,
Made for delight, and for no other use,
If you approve it not, has no excuse.*

6 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Enter Evadne, with a Page of Honour.

Evad. **A** Mintor lost, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to destroy the King.
Compell'd by Threats, to take that bloody Oath,
And the Act ill, I am absolv'd by both.
This Island left with pitty I'll look down
On the King's Love, and fierce *Melantius*'s frown.
These will to both my resolution bring:
Page, give *Melantius* that, this to the King.

Exit Page with the Letters

Under how hard a fate are Women born !
Priz'd to their ruine, or expos'd to scorn !
If we want Beauty, we of Love despair ;
And are besieg'd like Frontier Towns, if fair.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 7

The pow'r of Princes Armies overthrows:
What can our Sex against such force oppose?
Love and Ambition have an equal share
In their vast Treasures; and it costs as dear
To ruine us, as Nations to subdue:
But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
For Towns are starv'd, or batter'd e're they yield;
But We perswaded rather than compell'd:
For things superfluous neglect our Fame,
And weakly render up our selves to shame.
Oh ! that I had my Innocence again,
My untoucht Honour : but I wish in vain.
The Fleece, that has been by the Dyer stain'd,
Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
Th' unblemisht may pretend to virtue's Crown:
Tis Beauty now must perfect my renown.
With that I govern'd him that Rules this Isle;
Tis that which makes me tryumph in ^{the} Spoile,

8 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

The Wealth I bear from this exhausted Court,
Which here my Bark stands ready to transport.
In narrow Rhodes I'll be no longer pent;
But act my part upon the Continent:
Asiatick Kings shall see my Beauties Prize,
My shining Jewels, and my brighter Eyes.
Princes that fly, their Scepters left behind,
Contempt or Pitty, where they travel, find:
The Ensigns of our Power about we bear;
And every Land pays Tribute to the Fair.
So shines the Sun, tho hence remov'd, as clear
When his Beams warm th' Antipodes, as here.

Exit.

Enter Melantius, with a Letter in his hand.

after She's gone to perish, if the Gods be just;
The Sea's not vast enough to quench her Lust.
The standing Regiments, the Fort, the Town,
All but this wicked Sister is our own.

Oh!

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 9

Oh ! that I could but have surpriz'd the Wretch,

Ere she that Watry Element did reach.

Twice false *Eavadne* ; spightfully forsworn,

That fatal Beast like this I would have torn.

Tears the Paper with fury.

But this design admits of no delay ;

And our Revenge must find some speedy way.

I'll sound *Lucippus*, he has always paid

Respect to my deserts : could he be made

To joyn with us, we might preserve the State ;

And take revenge, without our Countrys fate.

He loves his Brother ; but a present Crown

Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the Throne.

He's full of Honour : tho he like it not,

If once he swear, he'll not reveal the Plot. *Exit.*

Enter, the King alone.

King. Melantius false ! it cannot be : and yet,

When I remember how I merit it,

He

10 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

He is presented to my guilty mind
Less to his Duty, than Revenge inclin'd.
'Tis not my nature to suspect my friends,
Or think they can have black malicious ends ;
'Tis doing wrong creates such doubts as these,
Renders us jealous, and destroys our peace.
Happy the Innocent, whose equal thoughts
Are free from anguish, as they are from faults.

Enter a Pdge with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from Evadne, Sir.

Exit.

King. Why shou'd she use
Her Pen to me? 'tis some important news!

Reads

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 11

Reads the Letter.

From aboard my Yacht.

[Strangely dated.]

WHICH is now bearing me away from the rage of my offended Brothers: I wish you were as safe from their Revenge. They aim at your Life, and made me swear to take it. They have got the Fort, and are assured of the Inclinations, both of the Soldiers and Citizens. My first Prayer is to the Gods, for your Preservation: my next to your Majesty, that if they return to their Duty, you would afford them your Grace.

'Tis no fain'd tale *Callianax* has told;

The Great *Melantius* is as false as bold.

The Crown we hazard, when at home we stay,

And teach our forces others to obey.

Conduct of Armies is a Princes Art:

And when a Subject acts that Royal Part;

As he in Glory rises we grow less:

While our Arms prosper, ruin'd by success.

For

12 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

For in a Court what can so dreadful be,
As one more glorious than our selves to see !

Enter Melantius and Lucippus.

Such is the General : to *Lucippus* Ear,
What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

Lucipp. How am I caught with an unwary Oath,
Not to reveal the secret, which I loath !

To stain my Conscience with my Brother's blood,
To be a King ! No, not to be a God.

He that with patience can such Treason hear,
Tho he consent not, has a Guilty Ear.

Unto thy self pronounce the name of *King* ;
That word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

[late,
Mel. Sir, your fond care and kindness comes too
To save your Brother, or prevent my hate:
The People mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the Soldiers to my will incline.

Of

Of his own Servants he has lost the Heart,
And in the Court I have the nobler part.
Unto your self pronounce the name of King ;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd : Do not storm and frown
At my endeavours to preserve the Crown.
Wear it your self ; occasion will not stay ;
Tis lost, unless you take it while you may.
Tumult and ruine will o'rewhelm the State ;
And you'll be guilty of your Country's fate. (laid,

Luc. aside. Some form'd design against the King is
Let's try how far our reason may perswade.

To him. The Crown you value so, my Brother bears
Upon his Head, and with it all the cares ;
While I enjoy th'deckage of his State,
And all the Crown can give, except the weight,
Long may he Reign, that is so far above
All Vice, all Passion, but excess of Love.

And

14 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

And can th'effects of Love appear so strange,
That into Beasts our greatest Gods could change?
Mel. The deathless Gods, when they commit a Rape,
Disguis'd a while, again resume their Shape:
But Princes once turn'd into Beasts, remain
For ever so; and should, like Beasts be slain.

Luc. Tho more in years, you have a Mistress still;
And for that fault would you your Sovereign kill?
Love is the frailty of Heroic minds;
And where great Virtues are, our pardon finds.
Brutes may be Chast; Pidgeons, Swans and Doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their Loves.
Justice and Bounty, in a Prince, are things
That Subjects make as happy as their Kings.
Will you contract the guilt of Royal Blood?
And rob your Country of her chiefest good?

Mel. Of one, whose Lust his Family has stain'd,
By whose good Conduct he securely reign'd.

Luc.

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 15

Luc. Of one, whose choice first made your Valour
(known,

And with whose Armies you have got renown.

'Tis all the gratitude Subjects can shew,

To bear with Patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet *Brutus* did not let proud *Tarquin* scape.

Luc. The Prince his Son was guilty of a Rape.

For Joys extorted with a violent hand,

Revenge is just, and may with honour stand.

But should a Prince, because he does comply

With one, that's fair and not unwilling, dye?

Or is it fit the people should be taught

Your Sisters frailty, with my Brothers fault?

Mel. Let her be known unchast; so it be said,

That he that durst perswade her to't is dead.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you: Is it just that
Mischief to me and the whole Nation do?

Mel.

16 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Mel. Rather than not accomplish my Revenge,
Just, or unjust, I would the World unhinge.

Luc. Yet of all Virtues, Justice is the best;
Valour, without it, is a common Pest.

Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd.

'Tis our complexion makes us chaste or brave;
Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we have.
All other Virtues dwell but in the blood,
That in the Soul, and gives the name of good.

Justice, the Queen of Virtues, you despise,
And only rude and savage Valour prize.

To your revenge you think the King and all
That Sacred is, a Sacrifice should fall:
The Town be ruin'd, and this Isle laid waste,
Only because your Sister is not chaste.
Can yon expect, that she should be so sage
To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage?

Both

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 17

Both foul distempers are ; but yours the worse,
Less pleasure has, and brings the greater curse.

Mel. In idle *Rhodes* Philsophers are bred,
And you, young Prince, are in their Morals read.
Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong,
For patient duty to employ his Tongue.
Oppression makes men mad, and from their breast,
All reason does, and sense of duty wret.
The Gods are safe, when under wrongs we groan,
Only because we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,
Think they may safely with our honour play ?
Reward a Soldiers Merit with a stain
To his whole Race, and yet securely Reign ?
Farewel ! I know so brave a Prince will scorn
To tell the secret, unto which he's sworn.

Luc. aside. I promis'd Secrecy, but did not say
I would look tamely on. *Melantius* stay :

C

You

18 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

You have my Promise, and my hasty word
Restrains my Tongue, but tyes not up my Sword.
Of other Vertues tho you are bereft
By your wild rage, I know your Valour's left.
Swear not to touch my Brother, or with speed
Behind the Castle-wall let's meet. *Mel.* Agreed.

Exit Lucip.

Mel. His well-known Virtue, and his constant
(Love,

To his bad Brother may the people move :
I'll take the occasion, which he gives, to bring
Him to his Death, and then destroy the King.

[*Ex. Mel.*

Enter the King as discovering himself.

King. O ! what an happiness it is to find
A friend of our own blood, a Brother kind !
A Prince so good, so just, so void of fear,
Is of more value than the Crown I wear.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 19

The Kingdom offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
For such a Brother, to th'immortal God
More thanks I owe, then for the Crown of *Rhodes*.
Happy this Isle, with such a Hero blest !
What Vertue dwells not in his Loyal Breast ?

Enter Strato.

Str. Sir we are lost, *Melantius* has the Fort,
And the Town rises to assault the Court :
Where they will find the strongest part their own :
If you'll preserve your self, you must be gone.
I have a Garden opens to the Sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey
To some near friend.

King. There with your Shallop stay.
The Game's not lost ; I have one Card to play.
Suffer not *Diphilus* to leave the Court,
But bid him presently to me resort. [Exit Strato.

C 2

Had

20 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Had not this Challenge stopt the impendent fate,
We must have perish'd with the ruin'd State.
Forts, Soldiers, Citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing but our private Valour left :
If he survive, I have not long to Reign ;
But he that's injur'd, should be fairly slain.
The people for their Darling would repine ;
If he should fall by any hand, but mine.
Less wise than valiant, the vain man is gone
To fight a Duel, when his work was done.
Should I command my Guards to find him, where
He meets my Brother, and destroy him there :
All hope of Peace would be for ever lost ;
And the wild Rabble would adore his Ghost.
Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm,
And the whole Island, to revenge him, arm.
So popular, so mighty have I made
This fighting man, while I liv'd in the Shade.

But

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 21

But 'twas a double fault, to raise him so ;
And then dishonour on his house to throw.

Ill govern'd passions in a Princes Breast,
Hazard his private, and the publick rest.

Slaves to our Passions we become, and then
It grows impossible to govern Men.

But Errors not to be recall'd, do find
Their best redress from presence of the mind.
Courage our greatest failings does supply,
And makes all good, or handsomely we dye.

Life is a thing of common use, by Heav'n
As well to Insects as to Princes giv'n.
But, for the Crown, 'tis a more sacred thing :
I'll dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter Diphilus.

Come, *Diphilus*, we must together walk,
And of a matter of importance talk.

C 3

Diph.

22 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Diph. aside. What fate is this ! had he stay'd half
(an hour,

The rising Town had freed me from his Power.

Exeunt.

*Scene changes into a Field : Into which enter Lucip-
pus and Melantius, with Swords drawn.*

Mel. Be yet advis'd, th'injurious King forsake ;
Death, or a Scepter from *Melantius* take.

Lucip. Be thou advis'd, thy black design forsake ;
Death, or this Counsel from *Lucippus* take.

Mel. Youth and vain confidence thy life betray ;
Thro Armies this has made *Melantius* way.

Lucip. Drawn for your Prince that Sworn could
(wonders do ;

The better Causē makes mine the sharper now.
Thy brutal anger does the Gods defy ;
King are their care : resume thy Loyalty :

Or

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 23

Or from thy guilty Head I'll pluck the Bays,
And all thy Triumphs shall become my praise.

Mel. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the King with Diphilus.

King. With Sword in hand,
Like a good Brother, by your Brother stand.

Diph. Glad that your pleasure lies this noble way;
I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy Life, *Melantius*, I am come to take,
Of which foul Treason does a forfeit make.
To do Thee honour, I will shed that blood,
Which the just Laws, if I were faultless, should.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir; but, their Guards away,
Kings have but small advantage of the Law.

King. Having infring'd the Law, I wave my right
As King, and thus submit my self to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reason why ?

24 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

A Subject should be heard before he's slain ?

And does less right belong to us that Reign ?

Mel. If, as unjust, I could have thought you brave,
This way I chosen had Revenge to have.

A way so noble; that I must confess,

Already I begin to hate you less.

So unexpected and so brave a thing,

Makes me remember that you are my King.

And I could rather be contented, since

He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince,

That so, a Brother for a Sister chang'd,

We may be of your wanton Pride reveng'd.

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my Life
(have sought;

No Duel ever was more justly fought.

We both have reason for our fatal wrath :

Nor is it fit the World should hold us both.

Lucippus to the King apart.

Me

Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve ?
Members expose themselves, to save the Head :
This way he shall be satisfy'd, or dead.

Melantius to his Brother apart.

Tho foul Injustice Majesty did stain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with Courage act, something divine
That calls for Reverence, does about them shine.

Diph. Were we born Princes, we could not
(expect,

For an affront receiv'd, greater respect.
They that with sharpest Injuries are stung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thousand pitties, such a Royal pair
Should run this hazard for a wanton fair.

Mel. Let us fight so, as to avoid th' extream
Either of fearing, or of killing them.

Lucippus

26 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Lucippus apart to his Brother.

Sir, you should wield a Scepter, not a Sword ;
Nor with your Weapon kill, but with your Word.
The Gods by others execute their will.

K. Yet Heav'n does oft with its own Thunder
(kill :

And when Necessity and Right command,
A Sword is Thunder in a Sovereign's hand.
Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight ; or they grow less severe.

Here they all Fight.

Lucippus to the King.

Hold Sir, they only guard, and still give place
To them. Fight us, as Enemies, or ask for Grace.

Mel. I never thought I could expedient see,
On this side death, to right our Family.
The Royal Sword thus drawn, has cur'd a wound
For which no other Salve could have been found.

Your

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 27

Your Brothers now in Arms our selves we boast,
As satisfaction for a Sister lost.

The blood of Kings expos'd, washes a stain
Cleaner, than thousands of the Vulgar slain.

You have our pardon, Sir ; and humbly now,
As Subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

Here they both kneel.

Pardon our guilty Rage ; which here takes end,
For a lost Sister, and a ruin'd Friend.

Luc. Let your great heart a gracious motion
(feel :

Is't not enough, you see *Melantius* kneel ?
I'll be a pledge for both ; they shall be true
As heretofore ; and you shall trust 'em too.
His Loyal Arm shall still support the State,
And you no more provoke so just an hate.

King. Rise, brave *Melantius*, I thy pardon sign,
With as much Joy, as I am proud of mine.

Rise

28 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Rise, Valiant *Diphilus*, I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I shall your just wrath.

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greatest faults, and crowns them with esteem.
Use us with Honour, and we are your Slaves,
To bleed for you, when least occasion craves.

King. With Honour and with Trust this Land
(shall know,

After my Brother, none so great as you.

Enter the Kings Guards.

Mel. If these approach us, Sir, by your command;
Take back your Pardon, on our guard we stand.

The King steps between 'em.

King. What over-diligence has brought you
(here?

Captain of the Guards. Such as you'll pardon
(when the News you hear.

Amintor

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 29

Amintor is retir'd, *Aspasia* gone;

And a strange humour does possess the Town.

They arm apace, Sir, and aloud declare

Things which we dare not whisper in your Ear.

The Council met, your Guards to find you sent,

And know your pleasure in this Exigent.

This honour'd person you might justly fear,

Were he not Loyal, and amongst us here.

They say his merit's ill return'd, and cry,

With great *Melantius* they will live and dye.

Mel. Sir, not your Pow'r, but Virtue made
(me bow;

For all he tells you, I did kneeling know.

Tho' now the faithful'st of your Subjects, we

Have been the cause of all this Mutiny.

Go comfort, Sir, *Amintor*, while we run

To stop the rage of this revolting Town;

And

30 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

And let them know the happiness they have
In such a Royal pair, so just, so brave.
Lend me your Guards, that if perswasion fail,
Force may against the Mutinous prevail.

K. to the Guards. Go, and obey, with as exact
(a care,

All his commands, as if our self were there.

Afide. He that depends upon another, must
Oblige his Honour with a boundless trust.

Exeunt King and Lucippus.

Mel. How frail is Man ! how quickly changed
(are

Our wrath and fury to a Loyal care !

This drawn but now against my Soveraigns Breast,
Before 'tis sheath'd, shall give him peace and rest.

Exeunt Brothers and Guards.

Scene

The Scene changes into a Forest.

Enter Aspasia.

Asp. They say, wild Beasts inhabit here ;
But Grief and Wrong secures my Fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuse,
A Tyger's kind, for he pursues.
To be forsaken's worse than torn ;
And Death a lesser ill than Scorn.
No Forrest, Cave, or Savage Den
Holds more pernicious Beasts than Men.
Vows, Oaths, and Contracts they devise,
And tell us, they are sacred Tyes :
And so they are in our esteem ;
But empty Names, despis'd by them.
Women with study'd Arts they vex :
Ye Gods destroy that impious Sex.

And

32 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

And if there must be some to invoke
Your Powers, and make your Altars smoke,
Come down your selves, and in their place
Get a more Just and Nobler Race :
Such as the Old World did adorn,
When Hero's like your selves were born.
But this I wish not for *Aspacia's* sake ;
For she no God would for *Amintor* take.
The Heart, which is our Passions Seat,
Whether we will, or no do's beat :
And yet we may suppress our Breath :
This let's us see that Life and Death
Are in our Power ; but Love and Hate,
Depend not on our Will, but Fate.
My Love was Lawful, when 'twas born ;
Their Marriage makes it merit Scorn.
Evadne's Husband 'tis a Fault
To Love, a blemish to my thought ;

Yet

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 33

Yet twisted with my Life ; and I
That cannot faultless live, will dye.
Oh ! that some hungry Beast would come,
And make himself *Aspasia's* Tomb.
If none accept me for a Prey,
Death must be found some other way.
In colder Regions Men compose
Poysen with Art ; but here it grows.
Not long since, walking in the Field,
My Nurse and I, we there beheld
A goodly fruit ; which tempting me,
I would have pluck'd ; but trembling she,
Whoever eat those Berries, cry'd,
In less than half an hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that Bough,
On which those useful Berries grow !

Exit.

Enter Amintor alone.

D

Am.

34 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Am. Repentance, which became *Evadne* so,
Would no less handsome in *Amintor* show.
She ask'd me pardon; but *Aspasia* I,
Injur'd alike, suffer to pine and dye.

'Tis said, that she this dangerous Forrest haunts,
And in sad accents utters her complaints.

If over-taken, e're she perish, I
Will gain her Pardon, or before her dye.

Not every Lady does from Virtue fall;
Th' Injurious King does not possess them all.

Well I deserv'd *Evadne's* scorn to prove,
That to Ambition sacrific'd my Love.

Fools that consult their Avarice or Pride!
To chuse a Wife, Love is our noblest Guide. *Exit.*

Enter Aspasia alone, with a Bough full of fair Berries

Asp. This happy Bough shall give relief,
Not to my hunger, but my grief.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 35

The Birds know how to chuse their fare,
To peck this fruit they all forbear.

Those chearful Singers know not why
They should make any haste to dye :

And yet they ~~Couple~~ ^{couple} Can they know
What 'tis to Love, and not know Sorrow too ?

'Tis Man alone, that willing dyes ;
Beasts are less Wretched, or less Wise.

How Lovely these ill Berries shew !
And so did false *Amintor* too.

Heav'n would ensnare us ! who can scape
When fatal things have such a shape ?

Nothing in vain the Gods create,
This Bough was made to hasten fate.

Twas in compassion of our woe,
That Nature first made Poysons grow ;
For hopeless wretches, such as I,
Kindly providing means to dye.

36 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep :
The indispos'd she does invite
To go to Bed before 'tis night.
Death always is to come, or past :
If it be ill, it cannot last.
Sure 'tis a thing was never known ;
For when that's present, we are gone.
'Tis an imaginary Line,
Which does our being here confine.
Dead we shall be, as when unborn ;
And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.
But say we are to live elsewhere,
What has the Innocent to fear ?
Can I be treated worse than here ?
Justice from hence long since is gone,
And reigns where I shall be anon.

Enter

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 37

Enter Amintor.

Am. 'Tis she ; those fatal Berries shew
The mischief she's about to do.
Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate :
Their Love's insuperable, as their hate.
No Merit their Aversion can remove ;
Nor ill requital can efface their Love.

Aſp. Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
From Passion, and from Injury.
The Living chain'd to Fortunes Wheel,
In Triumph led, her changes feel :
And Conquerors kept Poysons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.
Days against Thunder might defend their Brow :
But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough.
Here ſhe puts ſome of the Berries to her mouth,
Amintor, ſtrikes the Berries out of her hand, and
ſnatches the Bough.

D 3

Am.

38 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Am. Rash Maid, forbear and lay those Berries by,
Or give them him that has deserv'd to dye.

Aſp. What double Cruelty is this? Would you
That made me wretched, keep me always so?
Evadne has you: let *Aſpasia* have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindness left, there see me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd Maid,
Is all the favour that you can bestow,
Or I receive---Pray render me my Bough.

Am. No less than you, was your *Aminta* wrong'd:
The false *Evadne* to the King belong'd.
You had my promise, and my Bed is free;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

Aſp. Your Vows to her were in the Temple
The sacred Altar witness'd what you said.

Am. The pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But ev'ry where hear promises that bind.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 39

The Heav'n, the Air, Earth; and the boundless
Make but one Temple for the Deity. (Sea,
That was a Witness to my former Vow :
None can *Amittor* justly claim, but you.
Who gives himself away the second time,
Creates no title, but commits a Crime.

Afp. I could have dy'd but once; but this believ'd
I may (alas !) be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the Port, which I almost did gain,
Shall I once more be lost into the Main?
By what new Gods, *Amittor*, will you swear?

Am. By the same Gods, that have been so severe ;
By the same Gods, the justice of whose Wrath
Punish'd the infraction of my former faith.
May every Lady an *Evdne* prove,
That shall divert me from *Afpasia's* Love.

Afp. If ever you should prove unconstant now ;
I shall remember where those Berries grow.

40 *The Maid's Tragedy Alter'd.*

Am. My Love was always constant; but the King,
Melantius's friendship; and that fatal thing
Ambition, the on proud *Evadne* threw ;
And made me cruel to my self, and you.
But if you still distrust my faith, I vow
Here in your presence I'll devour the Bough.

Asp. *Snatching the Bough from him.*
Rash Man, forbear ! but for some unbelief,
My Joy had beeh as fatal as my Grief :
The sudden news of unexpected bliss,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this.
Secure of my *Amintor*, still I fear
Evadne's mighty friend, the King. *Am.* He's here.

Enter the King, and his Brother, to them.

King, turning to his Brother.

How shall I look upon that noble Youth,
So full of Patience, Loyalty, and Truth ?

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 41

The fair *Aspasia* I have injur'd too,
The guilty author of their double woe.
My passion gone, and reason in her Throne,
Amaz'd I see the mischiefs I have done.

After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their
And Royal kindness never comes too late : (fate,
So when Heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain ;
Joyful and thankful when it smiles again.

Taking Aspasia by the hand.

This knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we shall both forget you were unkind.

King. May you be happy, and your sorrows past,
Set off those Joys I wish may ever last.

Giving the Letter.

Read this *Amintor.* *Am.* *Evadne* fled ! *Aspasia*
You'll have no more occasion for your Bough.

Enter

42. *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Melantius. Sir, has let the people know
How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you.
The Town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring
With repetitions of *Long live the King.*

Luc. Sir, let us to the Sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our Joys and Thanks to shew.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest Incense is fraternal Love.
Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isle perfumes.
This sacred Union has preserv'd the State ;
And from all Tempests shall secure our fate :
Like a well twisted Cable, holding fast
The anchor'd Vessel in the lowdest Blast.

EPILOGUE,

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by the King.

*T*HE fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The King should live ; be not more fierce than
Too long indulgent to so rude a Time ;
When Love was held so capital a Crime,
That a Crown'd Head could no compassion find ;
But dy'd, because the Killer had been kind.
Nor is't less strange such mighty Wits as those
Should use a Style in Tragedy, like Prose.
Well sounding Verse, where Princes tread the Stage,
Should speak their Vertue, or describe their rage.
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

And

44 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

And Verses are the potent charms we use,

Heroic Thoughts and Virtue to infuse.

When next we act this Tragedy again,

Unless you like the Change, we shall be slain.

The innocent Aspasia's Life or Death,

Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.

Excess of Love was heretofore the cause;

Now if we dye, 'tis want of your applause.

MR. Waller in his first Thoughts of Altering this Play, pitcht upon a design of making *Evadne* go among the Vestals. But considering, that the Persons in this Play are suppos'd to be Heathens, who never admitted any but pure Virgins among their Vestals; he changed his design. Nevertheless before he did so, he had writ the following Verses.

Evadne.

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 45

Evadne. *A Vestal vow'd, with Pity I'll look down
On the King's Love, and fierce Melantius's frown.
But here's the Sacred place, where we may have
Before we dye, an honourable Grave.
The Dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like Pardon from the most severe.*

Knocks at a Door.

Enter Governes.

Gov. *The Great Evadne visiting our Cell!*

Ev. *'Tis not to visit you ; but here to dwell.
Can you find room for one so bad as I,
That humbly begs she may among you dye ?*

Gov. *You that so early can correct your Thoughts,
May hope for Pardon for your greatest faults.
Happy is she that from the World retires,
And carrys with her what the World admires.
Thrice happy she, whose young thought fixt above,
While she is Lovely does to Heaven make Love.*

I

46 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

*I need not urge your Promise, e're you find
An Entrance here, to leave the World behind.*

Ev. *My guilty Love Devotion shall succeed ;
Love such as mine was, tho' a dangerous Weed,
Shews the rich Soile, on which it grew so high,
May yield as fair a Crop of Piety.*

*But of all Passions, I Ambition find
Hardest to banish from a Glorious Mind.
Yet Heav'n our Object made, Ambition may,
As well as Love, be turn'd a Nobler way :
Still I ascend ; it is a step above
A Princes favour, to belong to Jove.*

They go in and the Door shuts.

Enter *Melantius* with a Letter.

*Among the Vestals ! she'll corrupt them all,
And teach them from their Sacred Vow to fall.*

The

The Triple Combat.

When thro' the World fair *Mazarine* had run,
Bright as her Fellow-Traveller, the Sun;
Hither at length the *Roman* Eagle flyes,
As the last Triumph of her conqu'ring Eyes.
As Heir to *Julius*, she may pretend
A second time to make this Island bend.
But *Portsmouth*, springing from the ancient race
Of *Britains*, which the *Saxon* here did chase,
As they great *Cesar* did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new Invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the Field does go.
Becoming blushes on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.

Beauty

Beauty gives Courage ; for she knows the day
Must not be won the *Amazonian Way*.

Legions of *Cupids* to the Battel come,
For little *Britain* these, and those for *Rome*.

Drest to advantage, this Illustrious Pair
Arriv'd, for Combat in the List appear.

What may the fates design ! for never yet
From distant Regions two such Beauties met :

Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare her self seems loth.

Over the Camp with doubtful Wings she flys ;
Till *Chloris* shining in the Field she spys.

The lovely *Chloris* well attended came,
A thousand graces waited on the Dame :

Her matchless form made all the *Englis* glad,
And foreign Beauties less assurance had.

Yet, like the Three on *Ida's Top*, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the Ball.

Which

Which to determine Love himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.

Such killing looks ; so thick the Arrows fly ;
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander by.

Poets approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.

They with less hazard, might look on and draw
The ruder Combats in *Alsatia*.

And with that Foil of violence and rage
Set off the splendour of our Golden Age :
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Scepter sways ;
And uncompell'd, the happy World obeys.

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Prologue for the Lady Actors.

A Maze us not with that Majestick Frown :
But lay aside the greatness of your Crown.
And for that Look, which does your people awe,
When in your Throne and Robes you give 'em
Lay it by here, and use a gentler smile ; (Law ;
Such as we see great Joves in Picture, while
He listens to Apollo's charming Lyre,
Or judges of the Songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are less careful, hid in this disguise ;
In our own Clothes more serious, and more wise.
Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold,
We seem warm Lovers, tho' our Breasts be cold.

A

A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

To Mr. Killegrew, upon his altering his Play
Pandora, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, be-
cause not approv'd on the Stage.

SIR, you should rather teach our Age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your
Play. You had oblig'd us by employing Wit,
Not to Reform *Pandora*, but the Pit.
For as the Nightingale, without the Throng
Of other Birds, alone attends her Song :
While the lowd Daw, his Throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his Fellow-Daws.
So must the Writer, whose productions should
Take with the Vulgar, be of vulgar mould :

Whilst nobler Fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

On the Statue of King Charles the First, at Charing-Cross.

THAT the First *Charles* does here in Triumph
(ride,
See his Son Reign where he a Martyr dy'd;
And People pay that Reverence, as they pass,
Which then he wanted, to the Sacred Brass:
Is not the effect of Gratitude alone;
To which we owe the Statue and the Stone.
But Heav'n this lasting Monument has wrought,
That Mortals may Eternally be taught;
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
And Kings so kil'd rise Conquerors again.
This Truth the Royal Image does Proclaim,
Loud as the Trumpet of surviving Fame.

On

On the D. of Monmouth's Expedition into Scotland, in the Summer Solstice, 1678.

Swift as Joves Messenger, the Winged God,
With Sword as Potent as his Charming Rod,
He flew to Execute the Kings Command,
And in a moment reach'd that Northern Land ;
Where Day contending with approaching Night,
Assists the Heroe with continu'd Light.

On Foes surpriz'd, and by no Night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd , but noble Pity held
His Hand a while, and to their choice gave 'space,
Which they would prove, his Valour, or his Grace.
This not well heard, his Cannon louder spoke,
And then, like Lightning, thro that Cloud he
broke ;

His Fame, his Conduct, and that Martial Look,
The guilty *Scotch* with such a Terror strook ;
That to his Courage they resign the Field,
Who to his Bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little Loyal Blood it cost,
He grieves so many *Britains* should be lost ;
Taking more Pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the Flyers, than to win the Field :
And at the Court his Interest does employ,
That none, who scap'd his fatal Sword, should dye.

And now these rash bold Men their Error find,
Not trusting one beyond his Promise kind ;
One whose great Mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learnt the Art to Conquer, and to Save.

In Vulgar Breasts no Royal Virtues dwell,
Such deeds as these his high Extraction tell ;
And give a secret Joy to him that Reigns,
To see his Blood Triumph in *Monmouth's* Veins :

To

To see a Leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his Friends, and fatal to his Foes.

But seeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat
With scorching Rays, on all that's high and great :
This, ill requited *Monmouth*, is the Bough
The Muses send to shade thy Conqu'ring Brow.
Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a present blaze ;
But Time and Thunder pay respect to Bays.

Achilles Arms dazzle our present view,
Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
As from the Forge of *Vulcan* first they came ;
Thousands of years are past, and they the same :
Such care she takes, to pay desert with Fame :
Then which no Monarch, for his Crowns defence
Knows how to give a Nobler Recompence.

*Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton on the
Earl of Rochester.*

THUS mourn the Muses ; on the Herse,
Not strowing Tears, but lasting Verse :
Which so preserve the Hero's Name ;
They make him live again in Fame.

Chloris in Lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high Renown :
That she th' afflicted World relieves ;
And shews, that still in her he lives.
Her Wit as graceful, great and good ;
Ally'd in Genious, as in Blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph should melt in Tears.
Then fairest *Chloris*, comfort take,
For his, your own, and ^{our} sake ;

Least

Least his fair Soul, that lives in you,
Should from the World for ever go.

Reflection on these Words,

Pride was not made for Man.

NOT the brave *Macedonian* Youth alone,
But base *Caligula*, when on the Throne,
Boundless in Pow'r, would make himself a God;
As if the World depended on his Nod.
The *Syrian* King to Beasts was headlong thrown,
E're to himself he could be mortal known. [Line,
The meanest Wretch, if Heav'n should give him
Would never stop, till he were thought Divine.
All might within discern the Serpents Pride,
If from our selves our selves did nothing hide.
Let the proud Peacock his gay Feathers spread,
And wooe the Female to his painted Bed.

Let

Let Winds and Seas together rage and swell,
This Nature teaches, and becomes 'em well.
Pride was not made for Man : a conscious sense
Of Guilt, and Folly, and their consequence
Destroys the claim ; and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

Trans.

Translated out of French.

Fade Flowers, fade, Nature will have it so;
Tis but what we must in our Autumn do:
And as your Leaves lye quiet on the Ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found;
So in the Grave shall we as quiet lye,
Mist by some few, that lov'd our Company.
But some, so like to Thorns and Nettles, live;
That none for them, can, when they perish, grieve.

Some Verses of an Imperfect Copy,
design'd for a Friend on his Tran-
lation of Ovid's Fasti.

Rome's Holy-days you tell, as if a Guest
With the old Romans you were wont to feast.
Numa's Religion by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
They

They made the Nations round about 'em bow,
With their Dictators taken from the Plough :
Such Pow'r has Justice, Faith and Honesty ;
The World was conquer'd by Morality.

Seenning Devotion does but gild a Knave,
That's neither Faithful, Honest, Just, nor Brave :
But where Religion does with Virtue joyn,
It makes a Hero, like an Angel shine.

*Of the late Invasion and Defeat of
the Turks, &c.*

THe modern *Nimrod*, with a safe delight
Persuing Beasts, that save themselves by
(flight,

Grown proud, and weary of his wonted Game,
Would Christians chase, and Sacrifice to fame.

A Prince with Eunuchs and the softer Sex
Shut up so long, would Warlike Nations vex ;

Provoke

Provoke the *German*, and neglecting Heaven,
Forget the Truce for which his Oath was given.

His Grand *Vifier* presuming to invest,
The chief Imperial City of the *West* ;
With the first Charge compell'd in hast to rise,
His Treasure, Tents, and Cannon left a Prize :
The Standard lost, and Janisaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his Master, vain.

The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the Memory of his Fathers Doom ;
And his Guard Murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the Throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling *Sultan's* forc't to expiate,
His own ill Conduct by another's Fate :
The *Grand Vifier*, a Tyrant tho' a Slave,
A fair Example to his Master gave ;
He *Baffa's* Heads, to save his own made fly,
And now, the *Sultan* to preserve must dye.

The

The fatal Bow-string was not in his thought,
When breaking Truce; he so unjustly fought;
Made the World tremble with a numerous Host,
And of undoubted Victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud
To warn the Mighty, and instruct the Proud;
That of the Great neglecting to be Just,
Heav'n in a Moment makes an heap of Dust.

The Turks so low; why should the Christians
(loose
Such an advantage of their Barbarous Foes?
Neglect their present Ruin to compleat,
Before another *Solyman* they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting,
(dread
That numerous Heard by such a Lyon lead.
He, *Rhodes* and *Buda* from the Christians tore,
Which timely Union might again restore.

But

But sparing Turks, as if with Rage possest, aT
The Christians perish by themselves opprest: and w
Cities and Provinces so dearly won, T
That the Victorious People are undone and w
T

What Angel shall descend to reconcile dw bna
The Christian States, and end their Guilty Toy! w
A Prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask, T
Than *Britain's* King for such a Glorious task: and T
His dreadful Navy, and his lovely Mind, dw bna
Gives him the Fear and Favour of Mankind. w
His Warrant does the Christian Faith defend, w
On that relying all their Quarrels end. dw bna
The Peace is sign'd, and *Britain* does obtain, w
What *Rome* had sought from her fierce Sons in vain. w

In Battels won Fortune a part doth claim, w
And Soldiers have their Portion in the Fame: w
In this successful Union we find, w
Only the Tryumph of a worthy Mind: w

'Tis

"Tis all accomplisht by his Royal Word,
Without unsheathing the destructive Sword ;
Without a Tax upon his Subjects laid,
Their Peace disturb'd, their Plenty or their Trade.
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose Desires the Greatest Kings comply ?

The Arts of Peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he marcht into the Throne ;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the Sword,
The wisht return of so benign a Lord.

Charles by Old *Greece*, with a new Freedom
Above her Antique Heroes shall be plac'd.

What Theseus did, or *Theban Hercules*
Holds no compare with this Victorious Peace ;
Which on the Turks shall greater Honour gain,
Then all their Giants and their Monsters slain.
Those are bold Tales, in fabulous Ages told ;
This Glorious Act the Living do behold.

Panegyrick

A Panegyrick, &c. to *O. Cromwell*.

While with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle Faction, & our Hearts command;
Protect us from our selves, and from our Foe,
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too:
Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no Liberty, but when they may
Without Controul upon their Fellows prey.

Above the Waves as *Neptune* show'd his Face,
To chide the winds, and save the *Trojan* Race:
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of Ambition tossing us, represt.
Your Drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a Glorious State:

F

The

The Seat of Empire; where the *Irish* come,
And the unwilling *Scot*, to fetch their doom.

The Sea's our own ; and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet :
Your Power extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heaven, that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
To Ballance *Europe*, and her States to awe :
In this Conjunction does on *Britain* smile ;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the Rude Ocean from the Continent ;
Or thus Created : sure it was design'd
To be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind.
Hither the Oppressed shall henceforth resort
Justice to crave, and Succour at your Court :
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the Worlds Protector shall be known.

Fame,

Fame, swifter than your winged Navy, flies
Through every Land, that near the Ocean lies,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News,
To all that Piracy and Rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
Might hope to raise her Head above the rest :
What may be thought impossible to do,
For us embraced by the Sea and you ?
Lords of the Worlds great waste, the *Ocean*, we
Whole Forrests send to reign upon the Sea :
And every Coast may trouble or relieve ;
But none can visit us without your leave.
Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our Happy Seat arrive :
While we descend, at Pleasure to invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that amidst the Ambient Ocean set,

Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves ;
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to her *Nile* owes more than to the Sky :
So whatsoe'er our Earth and Heav'n denies,
Our ever constant Friend the Sea supplies.

The taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without that heat, in *Persian* Silk we shine ;
And without Planting, drink of every Vine.
To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs ;
Gold, tho' the heaviest Metal, hither swims.
Ours is the Harvest, where the *Indians* mow ;
We plow the Deep, and reap what others sow.
Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds ;
Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.

Rome, tho' her Eagle thro' the World had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own :

Here

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too ;
France Conquering, *Henry* flourisht, and now you ;
For whom we stay'd, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wist not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue,

He safely might old Troops to Battel lead,
Against th' unwarlike *Persian* and the *Mede* ;
Whose hasty flight did from a bloodless Field,
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* Arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame.
Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Garrisons you bind :

Here foreign Gold no more shall make them come;
Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.

They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow ;
May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place :
Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'rethrown,
Falling they Rise, to be with us made one.

So kind *Dic^tators* made, when they came home,
Their vanquisht Foes Free Citizens of *Rome*.

Like favour find the *Irish*, with like fate,
Advanced to be a Portion of our State.
Whilst by your Valour, and obliging Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea are joyn'd.

Holland to gain our friendship is content
To be our Out-gard on the Continent :
She from her fellow Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.

In our late fight, when Cannons did diffuse
(Preventing Posts) the Terror and the News ;
Our Neighbours then did Tremble at the roar :
But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never failing Sword made War to cease ;
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace :
Our minds with Bounty, and with Awe Engage ;
Invite Affection, and restrain our Rage.
Less Pleasure take brave Minds in Battels won,
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tygers have Courage, and the Rugged Bear ;
But Man alone can when he Conquers, spare.
To Pardon willing, and to punish loth :
You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both :
Lifting up all that Prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the Dead again to Live.

When Fate or Error had our Rage misled,
And o're these Nations such Confusion spread :

The only Cure, which could from Heav'n come
(down,

Was so much Power and Clemency in One :
One whose Extraction from a Noble Line,
Gives Hopes again that Well-born Men may shine ;
The meanest in your Nature, Mild and Good ;
The Noblest Rest secured in your Blood.

Much have we wonder'd, how you hid in Peace,
A Mind proportion'd to such things as these :
How such a Ruling Spirit you could restrain ;
And Practice first over your self to Reign.
Your Private Life did a Just Pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Men should live.
Born to Command, your Princely Virtue slept,
Like Humble *David*, whilst the Flock he kept :
But when your troubled Country call'd you
(forth ;
Your flaming Courage and your matchless worth,

Dazzling

Dazzling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce Contention gave a Prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the State exalted too,
Finds no Distemper, while 'tis chang'd by you ;
Chang'd like the Worlds great Scene, when with-
(out noise

The Rising Sun Night's Vulgar Lights destroys.

Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
Run, with amazement we should read the Story :
But living Vertue (all Achievements past)
Meets Envy still, to grapple with at last.
This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
Which losing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break the Yoke ;
But cut the Bond of Union with that stroke.
That Sun once Set, a thousand meaner Stars
Gave a Dim light to Violence and Wars :

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To

To such a Tempest as now threatens all,

Did not your Mighty Arm prevent the fall.

If *Rome's* great Senate could not weild the sword,

Which of the Conquer'd World had made them

(Lord ;

What hope had ours, while yet their Power was

(new,

To Rule Victorious Armies, but by you ?

You, that had taught them to subdue their Foes,

Could order, teach, and their high Spirits com-

(pose ;

To every Duty could their Minds engage ;

Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.

So when a Lyon shakes his dreadful Main,

And angry grows ; if he that first took pain,

To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast ;

He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

Then let the Muses, with such Notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace.

Your

Your Battels they hereafter shall Endite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight ;
Tell of Towns Storm'd, of Armies over-run,
And Mighty Kingdoms by your Conquest won :
How while you thundred, Clouds of dust did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoke.
Illustrious Acts high Raptures do Infuse ;
And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muse.

Here in low strains your milder Deeds we Sing :
But then (my Lord) we'll Bays and Olive bring,
To crown your Head ; while you in Triumph ride
O're Nations Conquer'd, and the Sea beside :
While all the Neighbour Princes unto you,
Like *Josephs* Sheaves, pay Reverence and bow.

Upon

Upon the Death of *O. C.*

WE must resign ; Heav'n his great Soul does
claim
In *Storms* as loud as his Immortal Fame :
His dying Groans, his last breath shakes our Isle ;
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad Roots are lost
Into the Air : So *Romulus* was lost,
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist her King ;
And from obeying, fell to Worshipping.
On *Oeta*'s top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread.
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent :
Our dying Hero from the Continent,
Ravish'd whole Towns ; and Forts from *Spaniards*
(reft,
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.

The

The Ocean, which so long our hopes confind,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind :
Our bounds enlargement was his latest toil ;
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle.
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.

From Civil Broils, he did us disingage ;
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage :
And with wise Conduct, to his Country show'd,
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then ! if we no Tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her self, took notice of his Death ;
And sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a breath :
That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd
Th' approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Mr.

Mr. WALLER's Speech to the
House of Commons, April 22.
1640.

Mr. Speaker,

I Will use no Preface, as they do who prepare Men for some thing in which they have a particular Interest: I will only propose what I conceive fit for the House to consider: and shall be no more concerned in the Event, than they that shall hear me.

Two things I observe in his Majesties Demands.

First, The Supply.

Secondly, Our speedy dispatch thereof.

Touching the First: His Majesties Occasions for Money are but too evident. For, to say nothing, how we are neglected abroad, and distrusted at home; the Calling of this Parliament, and our Sitting here (an Effect which no light Cause could in these times have produced) is enough to make any reasonable Man believe, That the Exchequer abounds not so much in Money

Money, as the State does in Occasions to use it. And I hope we shall all appear willing to disprove those who have thought to dissuade his Majesty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let Him see, it is as ready, and more safe for the Advancement of His Affairs, than any New, or pretended Old, way whatsoever.

For the speedy Dispatch required, which was the Second thing, not only his Majesty, but *Res Ipsa loquitur*; the occasion seems to importune no less: Necessity is come upon us like an Armed Man.

Yet the use of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to advise with His Majesty of things concerning the Church and Commonwealth. And it hath ever been the Custom of Parliaments, by good and wholesome Laws to refresh the Commonwealth in general; yea and to descend into the Remedies of particular Grievances; before any mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the best Parliaments, and still you shall find, That the last Acts are for the free Gifts of Subsidies on the Peoples part, and General Pardons on the Kings part. Even the wisest Kings have first acquainted their Parliaments with their Designs, and the Reasons thereof; and then demanded the Assistance, both of their Council and Purses. But Physicians, though they be called of the latest, must

80 *Mr. Waller's Speech to*

must not stomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themselves roundly to the Cure. Let us not stand too nicely upon Circumstances, nor too rigidly postpone the matter of Supply, to the healing of our lighter Wounds. Let us do, what possibly may be done with reason and Honesty on our parts, to comply with His Majesties Desires, and to prevent the imminent Ills which threaten us.

But consider (Mr. Speaker) that they who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in Danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor shall we ever discharge the Trust of those that sent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own Defence and Safety; unless his Majesty be pleased, first to restore them to the Propriety of their Goods and Lawful Liberties, whereof they esteem themselves now out of Possession. One need not tell you, That the Propriety of Goods is the Mother of Courage, and the Nurse of Industry, makes us valiant in War, and Good-husbands in Peace. The Experience I have of former Parliaments, and my present Observation of the care the Country has had to choose Persons of Worth and Courage, makes me think this House like the *Spartans*, whose forward Valour required some softer Musick to allay and quiet their Spirits, too

too much moved with the sound of Martial Instruments, 'Tis not the fear of Imprisonment, or, if need be, of Death it self, that can keep a true-hearted *English* Man from the care to leave this part of his Inheritance as entire to Posterity, as he received it from his Ancestors.

This therefore let us first do, and the more speedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply ; let us give new Force to the many Laws, which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our Rights and Priviledges, and endeavour to restore this Nation to the Fundamental and Vital Liberties, the Propriety of our Goods, and the Freedom of our Persons : No way doubting, but we shall find His Majesty as gracious and ready, as any of his Royal Progenitors have been, to grant our just Desires therein. For not only the People do think, but the Wisest do know, That what we have suffered in this long Vacancy of Parliaments, we have suffered from his Ministers. That the Person of no King was ever better beloved of his People ; and that no People were ever more unsatisfied with the Ways of levying Moneys, are Two Truths which may serve one to demonstrate the other : For such is their Aversion to the present Courses, That neither the admiration they have of his Majesties native Inclination to Justice and Clemency, nor the pretended Consent of the Judges, could

G

make

make them willingly submit themselves to this late Tax of Ship-Money. And such is their natural Love and just Esteem of his Majesty's Goodness, That no late Pressure could provoke them, nor any Example invite them to Disloyalty or Disobedience.

But what is it then, that hath bred this misunderstanding betwixt the King and his People ? How is it, that having so good a King, we have so much to complain of ? Why, we are told of the Son of *Solomon*, that he was a Prince of a tender Heart ; and yet we see, by the Advice of violent Counsellers how rough an Answer he gave to his People. *That his Finger should be as heavy as his Fathers Loins*, was not his own, but the Voice of some Persons about him, that wanted the Gravity and Moderation requisite for the Counsellors of a young King. I love not to press Allegories too far : but the Resemblance of *Job's* Story with ours holds so well, that I cannot but observe it to you. It pleased God to give his Enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him ; and yet he was not provoked to rebell, so much as with his Tongue : though he had no very good Example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he suffered. I hope his Majesty will imitate God in the benigner part too ; and as he was severe

to

to *Job* only while he discoursed with another concerning him ; but when he vouchsafed to speak himself to him, began to rebuke those, who had mistaken and mis-judged his Case, and to restore the patient Man to his former Prosperity : So now, that his Majesty hath admitted us to His Presence, and spoken Face to Face with us ; I doubt not, but we shall see fairer Days, and be as Rich in the Possession of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at those that seem to doubt the Success of this Parliament, or that the Misunderstanding between the King and his People should last any longer, now they are so happily met. His Majesties Wants are not so great, but that we may find means to supply him : Nor our Desires so unreasonable, or so incompatible with Government, but that His Majesty may well satisfie them. For our late Experience, I hope, will teach us what Rocks to shun ; and how necessary the use of Moderation is. And for His Majesty, he has had Experience enough, how that prospers, which is gotten without the concurrent Good Will of his People : Never more Money taken from the Subject ; never more want in the Exchequer. If we look upon what has been paid ; it is more then ever the People of *England* were wont to pay in such a time : if we look upon what has been effected therewith ;

it shews, as if never King had been worse supplyed. So that we seem to have endeavoured the filling of a Sieve with Water. Whosoever gave Advice for these courses, has made good the saying of the Wise Man, *Qui conturbat Domum suam, possidebit ventum.* By new ways they think to accomplish Wonders; but in truth they grasp the Wind, and are at the same time cruel to us, and to the King too. For if the Commonwealth flourish, then he that hath the Sovereignty can never want nor do amiss: so as he govern not according to the Interest of others; but go the shortest and the safest Ways to his own and the Common Good.

The Kings of this Nation have always governed by Parliament: And if we look upon the Success of things since Parliaments were laid by, it resembles that of the *Grecians*,

*Ex illo fluere & retrò sublapsa referri
Rēs Danaum* —————

especially on the Subjects part. For though the King hath gotten little; they have lost all.

But His Majesty shall hear the Truth from us; and we shall make appear the Errors of those Divines, who would perswade us, that a Monarch must be Absolute, and that he may do all things *ad libitum*; receding not only from their

Text

Text (though that be a wandring too) but from the way their own Profession might teach them, *State super Viis antiquas, and Remove not the ancient Bounds and Land-marks which our Fathers have set.* If to be Absolute, were to be restrained by no Laws ; then can no King in *Christendom* be so ; for they all stand obliged to the Laws Christian. And we ask no more ; for to this Pillar are our Priviledges fixt, our Kings at their Coronation taking a sacred Oath not to infringe them.

I am sorry these Men take no more care to gain our Belief of those things, which they tell us for our Souls Health ; while we know them so manifestly in the wrong, in that which concerns the Liberties and Priviledges of the Subjects of *England* : But they gain Preferment ; and then 'tis no matter, though they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others. But since they are so ready to let loose the Consciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our Protection against this Pulpit-Law, by declaring and reinforcing the Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worth observing, how new this Opinion is, or rather this way of rising, even among themselves. For Mr. *Hooker*, who sure was no refractory Man, (as they term it) thinks, That the first Government was Arbitrary, till it was

found, that to live by one Mans Will, became the Cause of all Mens Misery : (these are his Words) concluding, That this was the Original of inventing Laws. And if we look further back, our Histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdom have often been the Mediators between the King and His Subjects, to present and pray redress of their Grievances: and had reciprocally then as much Love and Reverence from the People.

But these Preachers, more active than their Predecessors, and wiser than the Laws, have found out a better Form of Government. The King must be a more Absolute Monarch, than any of his Predecessors; and to them he must owe it: though in the mean time, they hazard the Hearts of his People; and involve him in a Thousand Difficulties. For, suppose, this Form of Government were inconvenient; and yet this is but a Supposition, for these Five hundred Years it hath not only maintained us in safety, but made us Victorious over other Nations; but, I say, suppose they have another Idea of one more convenient: we all know how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better, and what hazard those Princes must run, that enterprize the change of a long establisht Government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succeed in this happy

happy Race; Why should so Pious and so Good a King be exposed to this Trouble and Hazard? Besides, that Kings so diverted can never do any great Matter abroad.

But while these Men have thus bent their Wits against the Laws of their Country; whether they have neglected their own Province, and what Tares are grown up in the Field which they should have tilled, I leave it to a second Consideration: not but that Religion ought to be the first thing in our Purposes and Desires: but that which is first in Dignity, is not always to precede in order of time. For Well-Being supposes a Being; and the first Impediment, which Men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things, without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto *Adam* Maintenance of Life, and gave him a Title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to observe. And let me tell you, if our Adversaries have any such design, as there is nothing more easie, than to impose Religion on a People deprived of their Liberties; so there is nothing more hard than to do the same upon Freemen.

And therefore (Mr. Speaker) I conclude with this Motion, that there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House will consider of, shall be the restoring this Nation in ge-

neral to the Fundamental and Vital Liberties ;
the Propriety of our Goods, and Freedom of
our Persons : and that then we will forthwith
consider of the Supply desired.

And thus we shall discharge the Trust reposed
in us, by those that sent us hither. His Maje-
sty will see, that we make more than ordinary
haste to satisfie his Demands : and we shall let all
those know, that seek to hasten the matter of
Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they
give Interruption to the former.

Mr.

Mr. WALLER's Speech
July 6. 1641.

MY LORDS,

I Am commanded by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice Crawley, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear read, I shall take leave (according to custom) to say something of what I have collected from the sense of that House, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Then the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions subscribed; and judgment given for Ship-money; and afterward, a Declaration in his charge at an Assize, That Ship-money was so Inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of a Parliament to take it away.

My Lords,

NOT only my Wants, but my Affections render me less fit for this Employment: For though it has not been my happiness to have the Law a part of my breeding; there is no Man ho

honours that Profession more, or has a greater Reverence towards the Grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them: and when a Parliament is call'd; if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, Experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being stiled *Parliamentum indoctorum*. But as all Professions are obnoxious to the malice of the Professors, and by them most easily betrayed; so (my Lords) these Articles have told you, how these Brothers of the Coif are become *fratres in malo*; how these Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother. But this Judge (whose charge you last heard) in one expression of his, excels no less his Fellows than they have done the worst of their Predecessors, in this Conspiracy against the Commonwealth. Of the Judgment for Ship-money, and those extrajudicial Opinions preceding the same (wherein they are joynly concern'd) you have already heard: how unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so publick a Cause, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships. But this man, adding despair to our misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-money was a Right so Inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep a Wound

Wound to the Commonwealth, as any of the rest; but dipt his Dart in such a Poyson, that, so far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure. As by those abortive Opinions, subscribing to the Subversion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his Own; So by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of Your Lordships too; and to confine the Power of a Parliament, the only Place where this Mischief might be redrest. Sure he is more wise and learned, than to believe himself in this Opinion; or not to know how Ridiculous it will appear to a Parliament, and how Dangerous to himself: And therefore, no doubt, by saying, no Parliament could abolish this Judgment; his meaning was, That this Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-money, springing from a pretended Necessity; was it not enough, that it was grown Annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever; at once making Necessity inherent to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject? Necessity, which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to His Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune. For so undoubted a Truth, it has ever been, that Kings, as well as Subjects, are involved

olved in the Confusion, which necessity produces ; that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same ; *Pareamus necessitati, quam nec Homines nec Dii superant.* This Judge then, having in his Charge at the Assize declared the dissolution of the Law, by this supposed necessity ; with what Conscience could he at the same Assize proceed to condemn and punish Men ; unless perhaps he meant, the Law was still in force, for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation ? That it should have Power to kill, but none to Protect us ? A thing no less horrid, than if the Sun should burn without lighting us ; or the Earth serve only to bury, and not feed and nourish us.

But (my Lords) to demonstrate, that this was a supposititious impos'd Necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleased ; at the last Convention in Parliament, a Price was set upon it ; *for Twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence.* It may be said, that so much Money would have removed the present Necessity : but here was a Rate set upon future necessity ; *for Twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that Judgment.* Here this Mystery is revealed, this Vizor of Necessity is pull'd off : And now it appears, That this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented His Majesty with Twelve Subsidies, to be levi-

levied on Your Lordships and the Commons. Certainly there is no Priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purse of the Subject: and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise than as your Assistants, have not only presum'd to themselves this Priviledge of Parliament, but presum'd at once to make a present to the Crown, of all that either your Lordships, or the Commons of *England* do, or shall hereafter possess.

And because this Man has had the boldness to put the Power of Parliament in ballance with the opinion of the Judges; I shall entreat your Lordships to observe by way of comparison, the solemn and safe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate dispatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can pass, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons House, and then it receives the Royal Assent; so that 'tis like Gold seven times purified: Whereas these Judges by this one Resolution of theirs, would perswade his Majesty, that by naming *Necessity*, he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter two and thirty times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the maintenance of

of the Right and Propriety of the Subject. A strange force (my Lords) in the sound of this word *Necessity*, that like a Charm it should silence the Laws, while we are dispoyl'd of all we have. For that but a part of our goods was taken, is owing to the Grace and Goodnes of the King ; for so much as concerns these Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have passed Judgment upon them : This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick Trust, which for the conservation of our Laws was reposed in them.

Now for the cruelty and unmercifulness of this Judgment ; you may please to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to seeth a Kid in his Mothers Milk ; of which the received interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any Creature, which was intended for its preservation : Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our Ships as our greatest Glory above other Nations ; and how barbarously would these Men have let in the Sea upon us, at once to wash away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the Propriety we have therein ; making the Supply of our Navy, a pretence for the ruine of our Nation ? Fer obseve, I beseech you, the fruit and consequence of this Judgment, how

how this Money has prospered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it: On every County a Ship is annually impos'd; and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time should be covered with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-Money has maintained the Sovereignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of those miserable Captives at *Algier*, (being between four or five thousand of our Countrymen) it does too evidently appear that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves abroad: so far has this Judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future necessity; that as it changed our Real Propriety into the shadow of a Propriety, so of a feigned it has made a real necessity.

A little before the approach of the *Gaules* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehension of that danger, there was heard a voice in the Air, louder than ordinary, *The Gaules are come*; which voice after they had sack'd the City, and besieged the Capitol, was held so ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigy. This Anticipation of necessity seems to have been no less ominous to us: These Judges, like ill boding Birds, have call'd necessity upon the State, in a time when I dare say they thought

thought themselves in greatest security. But if it seem Superstitious to take this as an Omen ; sure I am, we may look on it as a cause of the unfeigned necessity we now suffer ; for what regret and discontent had this Judgment bred among us ? And as when the Noise and Tumult in a private House grows so loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next Dwellers either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of the domestick strife ; so in all likelihood our known discontents at home have been a concurrent cause to invite our Neighbours to visit us, so much to the expence and trouble of both these Kingdoms.

And here, My Lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad effect of this oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the Ancient Reputation and Valour of the *English Nation* : And no wonder, for if it be true that Oppression makes a wise Man mad ; it may well suspend the Courage of the Valiant. The same happened to the *Romans*, when for renown in Arms they most excell'd the rest of the World ; the story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri* (and I think the chief troublers of our State may make up that number.) The *Decemviri*, My Lords, had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for some years omitted to assemble the Senate, for

which was their Parliament : This, says the Historian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them despair of their Liberty, but caused them to be less valued by their Neighbours : The *Sabines* take the advantage and invade them ; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long-desired Senate ; whereof the People were so glad, that *Hostibus belloque gratiam habuerunt* : This Assembly breaks up in discontent : nevertheless the War proceeds ; Forces are raised, led by some of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field : I know your Lordships expect the event : My Authors words of his Countrymen are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur* : They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, than by victory to confirm the Tyranny of their new Masters : At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers and expostulations of the people, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is call'd ; and there the *Decemviri* are questioned, deprived of their Authority, imprisoned, banish'd, and some lose their Lives : and soon after his vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better success, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the same Breast, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited people ;

ple ; 'tis not the restitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the restauration of our ancient Courage, which is expected from your Lordships. I need not say any thing to move your just indignation, that this Man should so cheaply give away that which your Noble Ancestors with so much Courage and Industry had so long maintain'd : You have often been told how careful they were, tho' with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to Posterity as they received them from their Fathers : what they did with labour, you may do with ease ; what they did with danger, you may do securely : the foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War ; they are only blasted with the Breath of these Men, and by your Breath they may be restored.

What Judgments your Predecessors have given, and what Punishments their Predecessors have suffered for Offences of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those Precedents : Only (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the Person with whose Charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his Offence.

His

His Education in the Inns of Court, his constant Practice as a Councillor; and his Experience as a Judge (considered with the mischief he has done) makes it appear, that this Progress of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spie through a Country, into which he meant to conduct an Enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for company; there is one Crime so peculiar to himself, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordships favour, and his own subsistence incompatible with the right and propriety of the Subject: for if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the Laws; has he not already declar'd his opinion, That your Votes and Resolutions against Ship-money are void, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament, to abolish that Judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus play'd with the power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once said to the Goat browsing on the Vine.

*Rode, caper, vitem; tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras
In tua quod fundi Cernua possit, erit:*

He has cropt and infring'd the Priviledges of a banish'd Parliament; but now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better establishment of our Laws: and

and in truth what other satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm by his Example those Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his Opinion?

For the proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition: his Crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is the same; having from several seats of Judicature proclaim'd himself an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore suo judicabitur*. To which purpose, I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burges-
ses of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships that as speedy a proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice Crawley, as the course of Parliaments will permit.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

DAg. 4. Line 11. for *its*, r. *his*. p. 7. l. ult. in *Spoil*, r. in *the Spoil*. p. 8. l. 14. after *She's gone*, make ! p. 9. *enters*, r. *enter*. p. 22. l. ult. *King*, r. *Kings*. p. 24. l. 1. *dele*? ib. l. 8. *remember*, r. *remember*. p. 41. l. 3. *passions*, r. *passion*. p. 42. l. 12. *Tempest*, r. *Tempests*. p. 56. l. ult. *and our sake*, r. *and for our sake*. p. 60. l. 5. *guld*, r. *guild*. p. 60. l. 9. *the*, r. *theſe*.

